OCTOBER 1988

AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY

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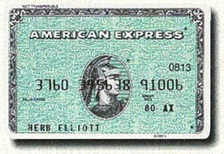

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Playbill

Who can forget the great hostage crisis of 1979-80, when the mania of revolution convulsed Tehran and the US Embassy staff became prisoners of His Repugnance, the ailing ayatollah? Former US president Jimmy Carter certainly won't forget it. The crisis cost him a second term, and recast Reagan as a hero when he announced, minutes after being sworn in as the new US president, that the hostages were free. How convenient, huh? Now, in a startling Playboy Interview, PLO chairman Yasir Arafat tells **Morgan Strong** that a well-placed Reagan aide pressed the PLO to delay release of the hostages until after the 1980 election.

If you're among those who don't read *Playboy* just for the interviews, you may already have copped an eyeful of **Richard Fegley's** uncoverage of the increasingly glamorous Jessica Hahn. Now a celeb in her own right, the former church secretary who brought Jimmy Bakker undone has some new revelations.

Life, they say, is tough at the Top End — especially for the wild buffalo population. The famous Northern Territory buffalo have been given an ultimatum: domesticate or die! Huge herds are being systematically slaughtered and, in a dramatic photo-essay, Darwin writer **David Hancock** has documented the shoot-out.

If some feminists had their way, blokes would also be a dying race. Women carry on about the pain of being a woman, but have you ever considered the pain of becoming a man? Tasmanian writer **Simon de Salis** has, and describes it in detail in his hilarious *Male Rites Of Passage*. Sydney artist **Bill Leak** rendered the equally funny illustrations.

Writers have got it made, haven't they? Toss off a novel, grab the royalty cheques and live the high life? No way, according to **Robert G. Barrett**, creator of the outrageous Les Norton character. Robert reckons you've got to be mad to be a writer, and proves why he's so well qualified. **Frants Kantor** provided the artwork.

It's amazing what some people will do for cheap thrills. Adherents of whitewater rafting, for example, claim the sport is like a rapid love affair. Northern NSW writer **Alpheus Williams** reveals that it's a wham, bam, but no thank you ma'am sport.

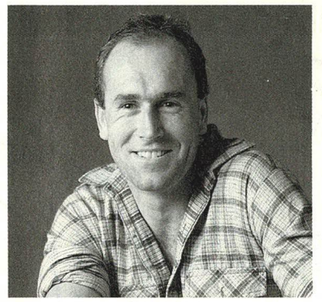
Pommy funny gal Tracey Ullman is getting big laughs right around the world and is a cult-figure in Australia. In an amazing 20 Questions segment she tells **Bill Zehme** what she thinks about her comedy, her tits, and her TV boss Rupert Murdoch.

The film *Emmanuelle* set a sort of benchmark in celluloid erotica. *Emmanuelle VI* is now heating movie theatres around the world and establishing the lovely Nathalie Uher as the new queen of the cinema. Excuse enough then for us to bring you this exclusive pictorial by **Otto Weisser**. While on the subject of lovely ladies, we've outdone ourselves with scintillating pictorials this month. *Australian Playboy*'s Miss October, Nora Wenck, poses for photographer **Rosie Schuckall**, and hopes her boss won't see the result of the shoot.

Playboy is, of course, renowned for its fiction, and this month we feature the renowned Australian writer **Ross McCauley's** sexy story about a sensual female cat burglar who was black, naked, and a big challenge for the insurance investigator.

Moving right along to sex, have you noticed how our sports stars are not allowed to be seen to be having it? A ridiculous situation, and sports columnist **Phil Jarratt** makes some outrageous observations. Motoring editor **Rob Luck** steers clear of sex, but introduces a new generation of "sportycars" which could drive you into a brave new motoring world — and improve your sex life at the same time.

Of course there's lots more reading in our October issue of *Australian Playboy*, but we haven't got room to tell you about it. So make room in your life, settle down with this issue, and come back again next month when we'll do it all again.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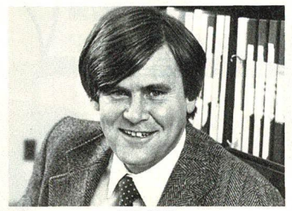
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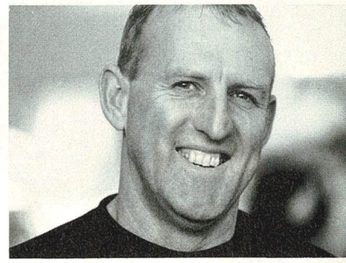
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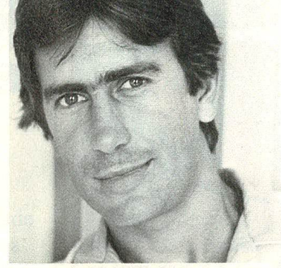
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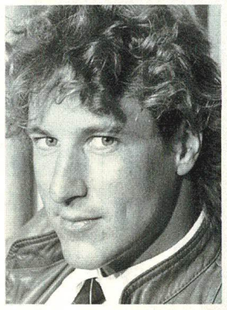
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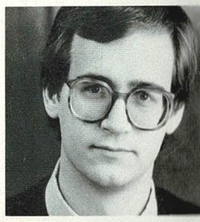
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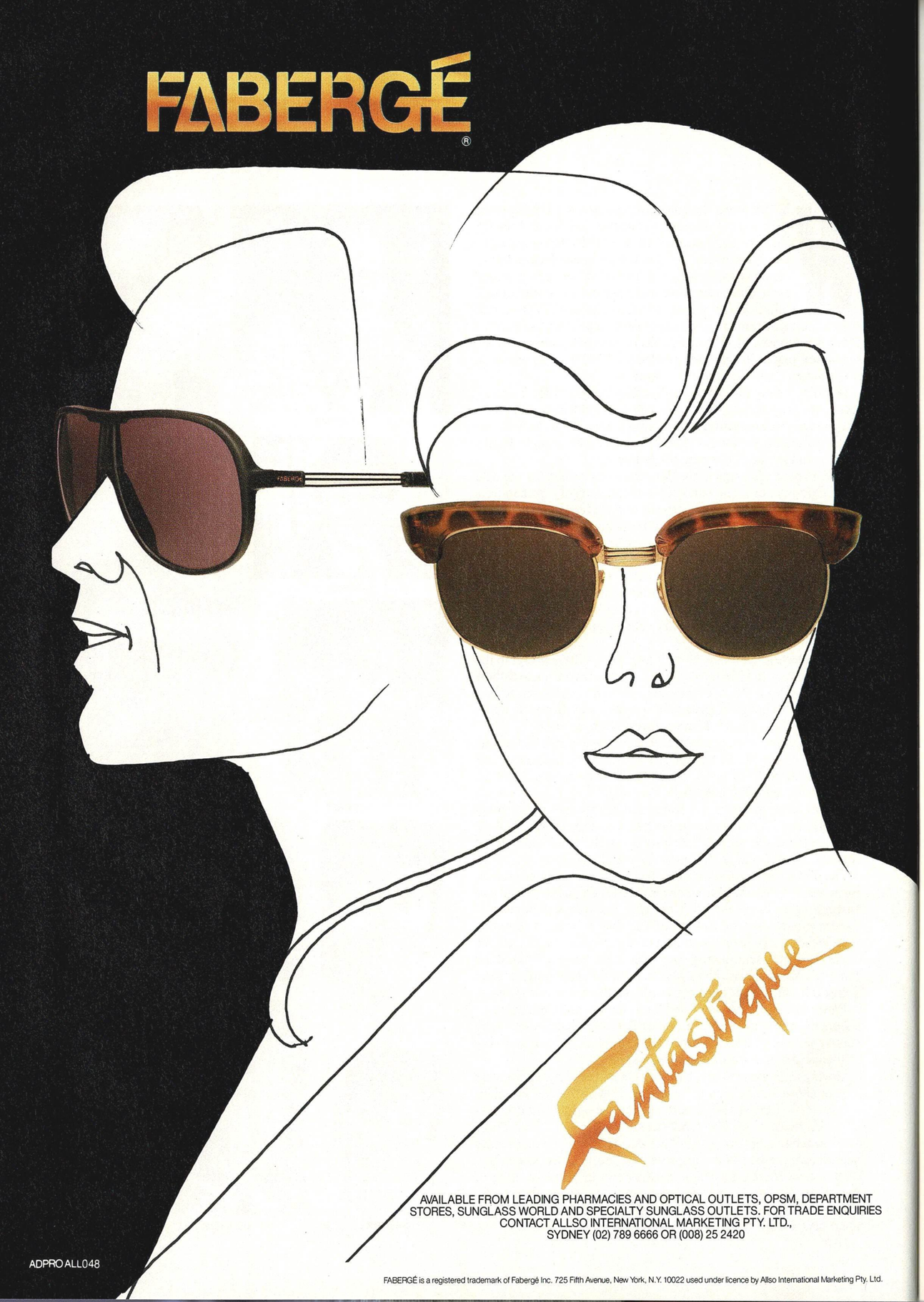

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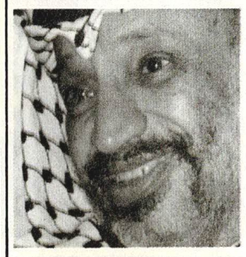

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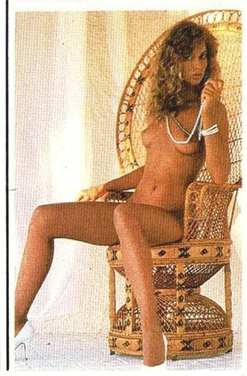

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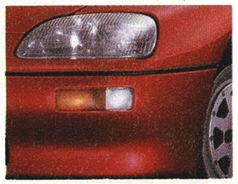

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Dear Playboy

PLANE TALK

What can I say! The *Playboy* issues for 1988 have been quite superb. Your centrefolds have easily outstripped your rivals, and your articles have been thought-provoking and well written. I would particularly like to thank you for the article entitled *The Crash Of The Golden Aeroplane*, by **Arthur Povera**. Not so long ago some of my friends were drawn into the game, but left it in a big hurry. When they told me about the game, it seemed they had been the only ones not to end up winners. But, because of your article, I was able to show them that lots of players failed to be winners. It also showed me that I was wise not to get involved.

One last thank you, and this is for your pictorials of *China Dolls* (May), and **Diana Lee** (June centrefold.) The pictorials have convinced me that Asian women are some of the most alluring in the world.

A.R. Fisher,
Willetton, WA.

ASIAN HATER

Come on, *Playboy*. We're in Australia, not Asia. You had an Asian centrefold in your June issue, but how about some more Aussie women? It sickens me everyday when I walk down the street and see Asians. Then when I go and buy an Australian magazine expecting to see lovely Aussie blondes or brunettes, what do I see? A fucking Asian. Come on. Get your shit together. We don't need them in Australia and we don't need them in *Australian Playboy*.

Proud *(but anonymous — Ed)* **Aussie,**
Perth, WA.

SON OF PLANE TALK

Congratulations on a wonderful magazine. One article that caught my attention was *The Crash Of The Golden Aeroplane*.

When the media caught on to the game here in Perth I really felt for some of the "innocent" victims caught up in its sticky web. Congrats to writer Arthur Povera for his resistance in the early stages, but he too succumbed.

Is Arthur of Italian origin? If so, his surname, although admittedly effeminate, should have warned him. Better luck next time.

Ven Civitella,
Yokine, WA.

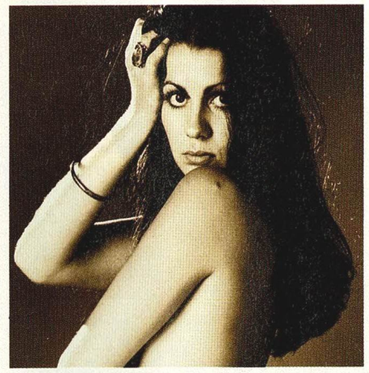
BUFFER ZONE

I read the June issue *Women* column by **Mercia Deane-Johns** and considered it very refreshing to find that some women still actually honestly admit that they find men attractive, if not a little wanting emotionally.

How come you never feature writers like Mercia in your photos? Is it that writers hide behind their typewriters because they're only relating to fantasies, or are some as horny looking as they appear by their articles?

When can we see a buff journo?

Damian Mark,
Kew, Victoria.



Your desire to see nude female journalists could land us in hot water with the Australian Journalists Association who, we presume, would take a grim, dim view of such a lark. Mercia, who also doubles as an actress and doesn't mind revealing flesh in films, said she wants Playboy readers to appreciate her mind, not her boobs. But because she hasn't got a photo of her brain, she provided this pic and said it's as revealing as she'll get — Ed.

LYONS SHARE

The girls in your June issue were delectable. But, believe it or not, it was the short story entitled *The Loneliness Of The Long-Distance Aussie* which I enjoyed most.

Just who is **Graham Lyons**? Is he here in Australia? That was the best story I read in years. It was deceptively simply written — there was actually a hell of a lot to that story. I do a bit of writing myself and I know how difficult it is to write like that.

Most Australians short stories I've read in recent years are notable only for their lack of substance. This was an exception. Let's have more.

Tom O'Grady,
Mitchell Park, SA.

We have no idea who Graham Lyons is, except that he lives in rural South Australia and is not an established writer. However he sent us his story, we liked and we published — Ed.

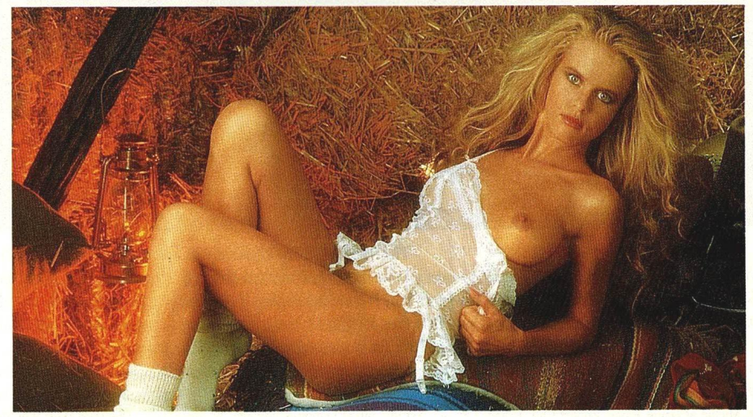
THIN-SKINNED BANANA BENDER

So you reckon **Johanna Oetiker** (August 1988) is "hotter than the Fitzgerald Inquiry"? You Southerners have to be snide smart-arses whenever you mention Queensland, don't you? You plunder our state for your Playmates because you know we've got the best women, and you're so jealous you make cheap shots. Why bring politics into it at all? Johanna is one of the most beautiful women you've ever featured, so why not lay off about the things in Queensland which are wrong, and show us what's right about the Sunshine State. I dare you to show us more of Johanna.

Doug P,
Brisbane, Qld.

Hmmm, we didn't realise you guys were so thin-skinned. But we accept your dare, and here's Johanna — Ed.

Write to us! Send your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that have something to say. We'll give a 12 month subscription to each letter that we publish.



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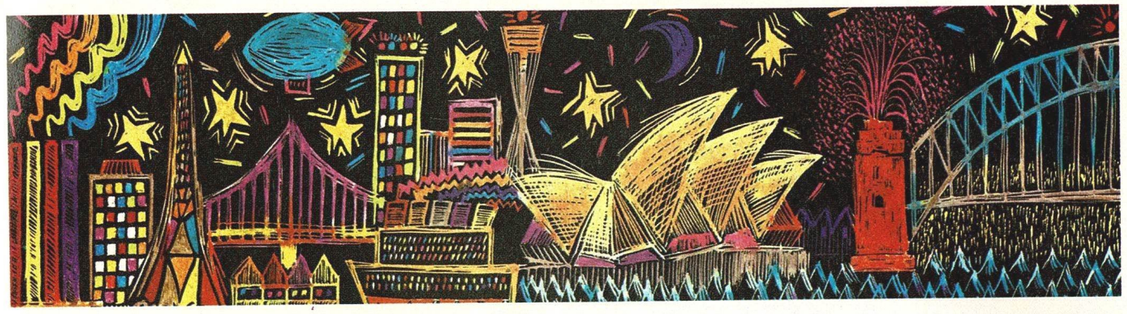


DEFINITELY A NON-MEMBER

Newsworld host **Clive Robertson** managed to keep his cool (a stiff upper lip being inappropriate) when reporting the shock discovery of a severed penis at Flinders Street Station in Melbourne.

"He could be charged with breaching the peace," Clive said of the missing owner. "But it probably wouldn't stand up in court."

And when faced with a faulty on-screen spelling which read "prositution" the indomitable Clive, never shy about biting the hand that feeds him, immediately accused the station of taking "the tit out of prostitution".

HEAD FOR THE SKIES

We hear that a Californian couple were taken off an American Airlines flight in Chicago because they tried to relieve the monotony of a transatlantic flight home by indulging in a little oral sex. Their problems started when a 13-year-old girl observed the couple and told her mother, who called the flight attendant, who called her supervisor, who called the pilot, who called O'Hare International Airport air-traffic controllers, who called the police. An airline spokesman commented: "It is human nature that on some flights, at any time of day or night, people will try this."

Two other passengers who pelted food at the meddling flight attendant were also taken off the plane and charged with disorderly conduct. The pair who indulged were charged with public indecency. We don't know, but we expect the flight attendant had her membership of the mile-high club revoked for not letting passengers have their head.

CULPRIT LET OFF LIGHTLY

Just to prove that Aussie pilots have a sense of humour, even if Aussie police haven't yet got wind of it, we learn from the *West Australian* that **David Lincoln Gardiner**, a gallant flyer, landed in the Perth Magistrate's Court recently charged with disorderly conduct, after the law heard him "break wind very loudly and then start to laugh loudly" while at the police traffic branch inquiry counter in East Perth.

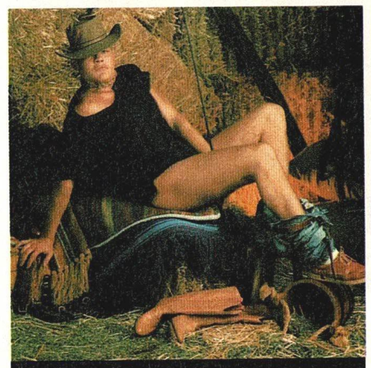
Senior Constable **Jim Flood** told the court: "Immediately after being warned about his behaviour the defendant broke wind very loudly again and laughed out loudly again. He was advised it was disorderly and he should leave the area if he couldn't control himself. However, he refused to leave and continued to break wind and laugh each time he did so."

Magistrate **Terry McIntire** did not take the offence quite so seriously and dismissed it as trivial. Indeed, Radio 6KY reported him as saying the police had blown the matter out of all proportion.

UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEMS

It is with a certain amount of shock we read that the third member of the Australian Bicentennial Everest Expedition and the 206th ever to reach the summit of the world's highest mountain is unemployed!

Well really! Just how long can we taxpayers tolerate this kind of thing? If these dole-bludgers aren't sunning themselves on the nearest beach while we dinkum Aussies are slaving our guts out, they're off climbing bloody Mount Everest!



STABLEMATE OF THE MONTH

Who on earth is this gorgeous creature? Looks very familiar! Not Shannon Long? Johanna Oetiker then? No, it's our very own staff member, art director Tim Donnellan caught in candid pose by Bob Watson — a bit butch, we agree, but with thighs like that we weren't prepared to argue.

PRACTISING SAFE RAPE

South Australia's Supreme Court recently sentenced a Chinese man to 12 years' jail after he pleaded guilty to one charge of rape and five counts of burglary. However **Judge Matheson** said that although the man had placed his hands over the woman's throat and tied her wrists and ankles after the incident, he "had not caused the victim any serious harm and had at least used a condom during the rape".

We assume this was an enormous comfort to the woman in question. Perhaps he deserves some sort of citation for heeding all those AIDS warnings and practising safe sex?

CAREFUL, YOUR LIBIDO IS SHOWING

Meanwhile back in dear old Blighty, the *Dressage Review* informs us that the Sun And Wind Health Club has overcome its problems with mixing nudism and horse riding. Says its assistant manager, Miss **Audrey Coolburr**: "Although we insist on hard hats, we see no reason for saddles. It's bareback all the way for us. The owner of the club, Captain **Peter Hock**, is a magnificent 6ft 4in horseman. He rides Goodwood, a stallion of 17 hands. The sight of this enormous naked man astride his gigantic animal is absolutely stunning."

Please! This is a respectable family magazine!

MEANWHILE, IN THE TASSIE TRIANGLE. . .

One of our readers in the Apple Isle has plucked the following from that worthy organ, *The Examiner:*

> Ideally situated with a large clientele, this business would shit the lady with the ability to work to a pattern. Nice bright premises to operate and a firm lease. Enquire now for further details from Bryan Harvey.
> For all enquiries, phone Bryan Harvey 94 4814 A.H.

Presumably a lady who couldn't work to a pattern would merely piss herself.

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Sex Adviser

Bettina Arndt brings you the latest sex news and views.

WHEN SIZE DOES COUNT

I have the biggest problem you ever heard, and I mean problem! You know how when a guy is a baby — till around 11, 12 years old — he has very small sex organs and he's hairless. And then from 12 till 15 years old he gets to mature — a) he gets hairier b) his voice breaks c) he gets taller d) his penis gets longer, stiffer, and stronger and e) his ball-sac gets larger. Well at 15 years all this has to have happened, but as for me, a) I'm getting hairier (no worries), b) my voice is breaking slowly but nicely (no worries) c) I'm growing taller (no worries), but d) and e) my penis and ball-sac are very tiny, small, microscopic. They look like I'm only eight years old and I'm going crazy. I'm 17 years old. Don't you think it's unnatural? I do. I'm extremely worried. I wanna feel like a man, a guy, MATURE. I'm still a virgin. All my friends keep bragging about how they've made love to girls and they're only 14, 15 years old and I have to lie to them. Also for the past year every night I've been pulling myself till I climax for sexual excitement. It's wrong, isn't it?

— Mr P.V., NSW.

Usually the penis and the scrotum (ball-sac) do develop before the male experiences some of the other developmental changes such as voice deepening and growth in height. But there is also considerable variation in normal patterns of development, so the fact that one characteristic lags behind need not be cause for concern. However, since it is far easier to treat developmental problems before full maturity is reached, it is important that you do go and see someone as soon as possible who can make sure that you are developing normally. Rest assured that if there is something wrong, the chances are that hormonal treatment will be able to give you the boost you need. But the sooner action is taken the better.

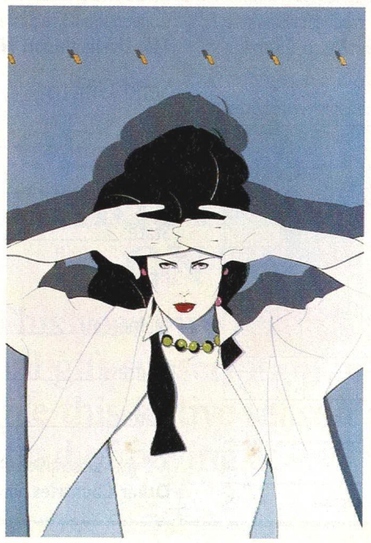
I would imagine that you would be very embarrassed at the thought of talking to anyone about this problem. Ideally you should have a chat to your mother or father so that they can arrange for you to see an appropriate specialist. I am sure your dad must have gone through his own agonies during adolescence — we all tend to worry about something at this age and he will be pleased if you do have the courage to raise the matter with him and seek his advice and reassurance. Or else you may prefer to talk to your mother — often mums are more comfortable dealing with such matters. But make the move — it may be embarrassing at first, but you will be greatly relieved once you know the matter is being looked into.

If you really can't bring yourself to talk to your parents, perhaps you could pay a visit to the doctor yourself. Rest assured that medical practitioners are well used to helping with such developmental problems and your doctor will be happy to refer you to a specialist if he feels you need this type of attention.

As for your concerns about masturbation, in your circumstances, self-stimulation is the ideal means of achieving sexual relief. It will not do you any harm and it is likely most of your friends are doing precisely the same thing. Despite their boasts of sexual adventures, I am sure that within your group of friends there are many other guys who are still virgins but are too embarrassed to admit their lack of experience. Males are notorious for inflating their sexual experiences and boasting about exploits that never took place. So relax.

BEWARE ANILINGUS!

I enjoy sex very much and have been practising safe sex by having sex with only my girlfriend at the time and using condoms. I have also given up anal sex, even though I used to indulge in this with every girlfriend I have had in the past 10 years. I feel that I have taken every necessary precaution and made quite a few sacrifices eg giving up anal sex, no longer coming on my lady's face, wearing condoms for full head jobs. However it seems that I am taking precautions more for my ladies than myself. They don't swallow my come anymore or let me have anal sex.



Would you please advise if I'm in a vulnerable position as I still perform cunnilingus without any protection and anilingus (ie probing my lady's anus with my tongue). I don't think I can give up these two acts as I enjoy them immensely. So do the ladies. But I am a bit concerned as I've had 3 different girlfriends over the past 12 months.

— Mr M.P., WA.

I commend you for the efforts you are making to protect yourself and your partners. Presumably your major concern is the AIDS virus. It is nice to hear from someone who is aware of the very serious risks which exist from this virus and is prepared to take the precautions to avoid contact with the disease. However, I do feel you are misdirecting your efforts by putting so much emphasis on your sexual practices without apparently being concerned about your partners' previous sexual history. You do not mention questioning them about their prior relationships, or possibly IV drug use.

You are doing the right thing by avoiding anal sex. As for anilingus or "rimming", this is also regarded by many as a risky activity for AIDS transmission as the anal entrance can easily contain tiny adhesions (caused sometimes by the passage of hard stools) which could facilitate the movement of the virus from one partner to the other. Apart from AIDS, rimming does carry other significant health risks. Viral infections such as herpes, infectious hepatitis and viral diarrhoeas can be passed on through this sexual practice. It is also possible to contract some nasty parasitic infections such as anebiasis, giardiasis and pin worm infections. You should not consider anilingus without first carefully washing the anal area with soap and water to reduce the risk of infection. As someone who is obviously extremely concerned about his health, I do feel you would be best off avoiding this activity altogether — at least until you are settled down in a monogamous relationship with someone you know well, and trust to be honest about her sexual history and possible extracurricular activities.

TO SUCK OR NOT TO SUCK

I have never experienced oral sex but am anxious to know more about it. Do both sexes practise it and is it very common? If a man performs such an act on a woman, how far does

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he go? Right to the point of ejaculation? If so, isn't that pretty nasty?

— Mr P.K., New Guinea.

Yes, oral sex is a very common sexual technique and surveys show that most couples do include this sexual practice in their normal sexual repertoire. I am a little confused by your letter since you ask about whether one should continue oral lovemaking to the point of ejaculation for both males and females. Your question appears to refer to both fellatio (where a woman licks or sucks the penis of a man) and cunnilingus (where it is the woman's genitals which are receiving all the attention). I am not sure whether you realise that women do not usually ejaculate at orgasm. The woman's orgasm consists of muscular contractions and the release of pelvic congestion and bodily tension but this is not usually accompanied by the release of spurts of fluid. Recent research has shown that this *can* happen in women, but it is still not clear whether the fluid which is released from the urine pipe (urethra) is urine or a form of female ejaculate.

You appear concerned about just when oral sex takes place. Most people do use oral lovemaking as part of "foreplay" — as an arousal technique prior to having intercourse. It is a very effective means of stimulating a woman because the moisture and softness of the mouth and the tongue provide gentle stimulation of the clitoris.

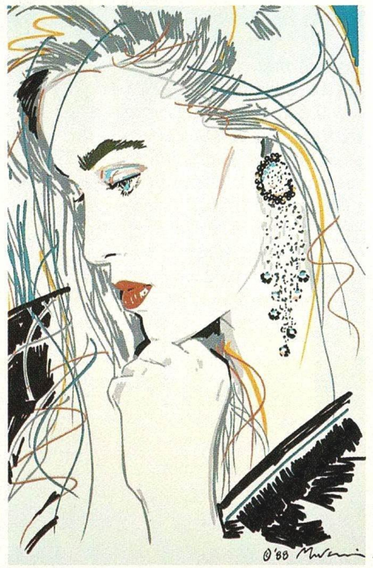
Many people will continue cunnilingus right up to the point of orgasm even if they do intend to go on and have intercourse, but oral lovemaking need not lead onto intercourse. Many people enjoy this activity as an end in itself rather than a means to an end. There are many women who are much more likely to reach orgasm through this intense but gentle stimulation of the clitoris than the indirect clitorial stimulation provided by coitus.

And if the woman ejaculates, is it nasty, you ask? Well, that depends on how you feel about bodily secretions. There are men who very much enjoy the smell and taste of their partner's secretions and who are not at all put off by even the copious secretions which can occur during ejaculation. Others are rather more squeamish about the experience — there are many men who are extremely reluctant to perform oral sex on a woman because they simply cannot overcome their feelings of discomfort about the smell and the taste of a woman's body.

As for fellatio, here too it is a question of personal preference just when you decide to call a halt to the proceedings. Many people do like to continue sucking the penis right up to ejaculation — and certainly for the man being fellated, this is usually regarded as the ultimate experience. But here too there are women who are not keen on offering this complete service. Some people do find the idea of swallowing the ejaculate very nasty indeed. Others are happy to let their partners ejaculate but then prefer to spit out the semen from the mouth rather than swallow it. Others find the whole notion of kissing or sucking a penis totally repulsive and refuse to participate in any form of oral lovemaking. These are personal choices and should be respected. Oral sex, like all other sexual techniques, may be common but it is certainly not compulsory.

TRANSVESTITE TURN-ONS

Reading your column in the April edition of Australian Playboy, the first article where you mention cross-dressing interested me. I am a male currently in my mid-20s. I have three sisters and no brothers. From an early age, I have found myself sexually aroused by articles of female clothing ie bathers, knickers, nighties etc. When I was approximately 13 I first tried on one of my sisters' one-piece bathers and found that this excited me very much. I have continued to try on articles of my sisters' clothing regularly in private and still find that this excites me very much. I find that one-piece bathers in lycra excite me the most. I have on occasions, when they have been left to dry at our house, tried on my



sisters' friends' bathers. I usually look at myself in the mirror when wearing this clothing and afterwards I masturbate.

I have had a normal sex life otherwise, having had several girlfriends. Until recently I had told no one about this, but I have become very close to one girl and have told her about this behaviour. She doesn't mind and even lets me wear her knickers sometimes. She recently bought me some lycra one piece bathers and lets me wear them occasionally after which we have great sex. I am interested in your thoughts on why this behaviour should excite me and whether it will harm me. Please note that I have no desire to be female or anything like that and lead an otherwise normal male life. I can also get excited sexually through all the normal ways and do not have to rely on this behaviour for stimulation.

— Curious, WA.

No one really knows why it is that some men develop this type of sexual interest. (I refer only to males because it is extremely rare for women to be interested in cross-dressing or to develop a sexual interest in clothing. Women rarely develop sexual fetishes and it is far less common for females to exhibit any unusual sexual practices. We are a boring lot!) Some of the experts believe that an interest in cross-dressing results from particular family background, while others place more emphasis on learning experiences, believing that men condition themselves to respond to items of clothing when these items somehow become linked to sexual arousal. Once this link is established, it is then reinforced each time the man uses or fantasises about the clothing during masturbation. We have all experienced this process when, for instance, we wear a particular perfume, or a piece of music is playing one time we make love, and the next time we smell that perfume or hear that music we feel a faint stir of arousal.

But such explanations are by no means the whole story and it is better that you forget about trying to work out how you developed this sexual interest as there is no evidence that it will change anything. Really there is no reason to be overly concerned about this desire to cross-dress. You are lucky in that this particular sexual interest need not involve your sexual partner. This means that if need be, you will be able to continue to cross-dress in private without it interfering with your relationships in the future.

The cross-dressing you describe is a form of "fetishistic transvestism", which means that for you the cross-dressing is associated with sexual arousal. Some transvestites simply experience an overwhelming desire to dress in such clothes without apparently feeling aroused or wanting to masturbate using the clothing. Many transvestites are heterosexual and enjoy perfectly normal sexual and emotional relationships with their female partners. Many are married, but only a few are lucky enough to have a partner who is willing to allow them to cross-dress during lovemaking. You are very fortunate to have found such a girl and if this relationship should end, I do suggest you be careful before revealing your unusual sexual interest in future relationships. It is all too easy for this type of sexual interest to become public knowledge — I have known people whose lives have been ruined as a result of being too open about their sexual preferences.

There is a club in Sydney for male heterosexual transvestites called The Flamingo Society, which is designed to provide an opportunity for transvestites to meet together, dressed in female clothing, to provide mutual advice and support. If you ever felt your cross-dressing was a problem you could contact them at Box R47 Rhodes 2138.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address c/- *Australian Playboy*, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.

Italian Classics

Money

According to Sigmund Freud, the urge to collect things has its roots in early toilet training. Children, forced against their will to give up their precious bowel movements, compensate by collecting other, more socially acceptable things. Put simply, stamps, coins, seashells and fine art are, psychologically speaking, just piles of substitute shit.

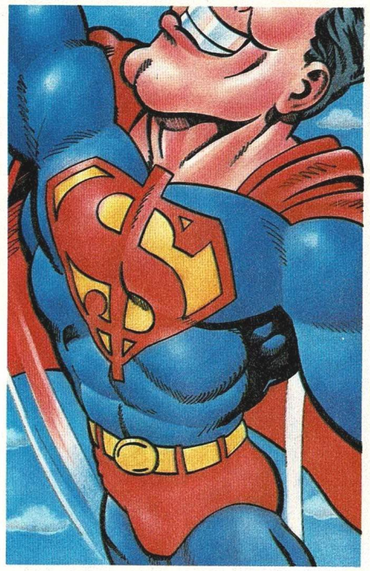
In a sense, this judgement is quite accurate. Stamps are useless except for posting letters; old coins are not even good for that. But this doesn't mean you can't make money collecting shit. There are plenty of other victims of harsh toilet training around. The trick is to get in early before the next fad. Find something that appeals to people with money but has not yet been taken over by professional investors. Like comics, for instance.

Comic books date back to the 1930s but they first began to attract serious money in the 1970s when inflation drove investors to hard assets — gold, diamonds, stamps, artwork, rare coins and, for a few, comics. Over the intervening years, the number of collectors has grown rapidly. There are full-time comic dealers and even comic collectors' conventions. Increasing competition among these new collectors has forced up prices.

According to the *Comics Buyer's Guide*, an early *Superman* comic in fine condition can be worth more than $1200. *Marvel Comics No. 1*, which featured the debut of both Sub Mariner and The Torch, sells for $25,000 ($35,000 in mint condition). About 50 other comics sell for over $1000 each.

There are fewer good quality examples of old comics available today than 10 years ago; next year there will be even fewer. This is because — in the past at least — it was unusual for comics to be hoarded. Kids bought them, read them through once or twice, stuffed them into a pocket or traded them for other issues. A comic would stay in circulation until it wore out, when it was laid to rest at the bottom of the budgie cage, the back of the garden shed, or in a box in the attic. Sometimes these old comics are retrieved and sold at flea markets or garage sales but most are too rumpled to appeal to collectors, who are only interested in high quality specimens.

Comics are assessed on a scale similar to coins or stamps. The highest category is "mint" followed by "near mint", "fine", "good", "fair" and "poor". You might expect that brand-new, straight-off-the-newsstand comics would qualify as mint. They don't. Imperfections in printing and clumsy handling manage to knock most down into the "near mint" category. Mint comics must be absolutely pristine.



Is it a bird? Is it a plane? No, it's an extremely expensive collector's item.

Fine condition comics show signs of wear, perhaps a wrinkle in the cover or a slight yellowing of the pages. If the paper has become frankly yellow, the value of the comic is drastically reduced. To avoid this, serious collectors wrap their magazines in thick plastic and keep them in special boxes, preferably in a cool, dark place. This slows down, but does not completely prevent, the normal aging process. A comic book rated as only good condition will have creases and wrinkles, even a little tear. A fair comic has the well-worn look of a magazine that has been passed around. A poor comic has sustained major damage such as a missing page.

Neither good condition nor old age alone guarantees that a comic is valuable. The featured character, the artist and the significance of the particular magazine in comic history are also important factors. For example, the first issue of a title is particularly valuable. Collectors are also keen on issues in which a new character is introduced. For example, *Detective Comics No. 27*, in which Batman made his debut, is even more valuable than *Detective Comics No. 1*, the first in the series. Final issues of a series or issues in which characters make their last appearance are also sought after.

Although popular numbers have been appreciating at the rate of 10 to 20 percent each year, this does not mean that you can make a quick killing in comics. As is the case with most collectibles, you buy comics at retail but when you try to sell them, all you get is the wholesale price. For example, say you purchase a comic for $100 and, after five years, it doubles in value. Go to sell it, and you will find that dealers will only pay $100.

Because classic specimens are expensive, some fast-buck operators speculate in new issues they hope will become popular some time in the not-too-distant future. Of course, we're not talking about one or two copies here. Even if their price quadruples, the profit on one or two magazines would only amount to a few dollars. Speculators buy thousands of copies. The comics craze has reached the point where otherwise normal adults buy carloads of newly printed comics and put them into cold storage unopened as if they were cases of fine wine. Their interest has little to do with the comic heros themselves and nothing at all to do with reading or literature.

Like any other form of speculation, this procedure is not without some risks. First, speculators may guess wrong and buy thousands of copies of an issue that never becomes popular with collectors. There are dozens of new comics published each year; the chances of picking the big winner are fairly slim. Or a speculator may guess right and pick a popular issue, only to find that other speculators have also bought thousands of copies and there are more sellers than buyers around.

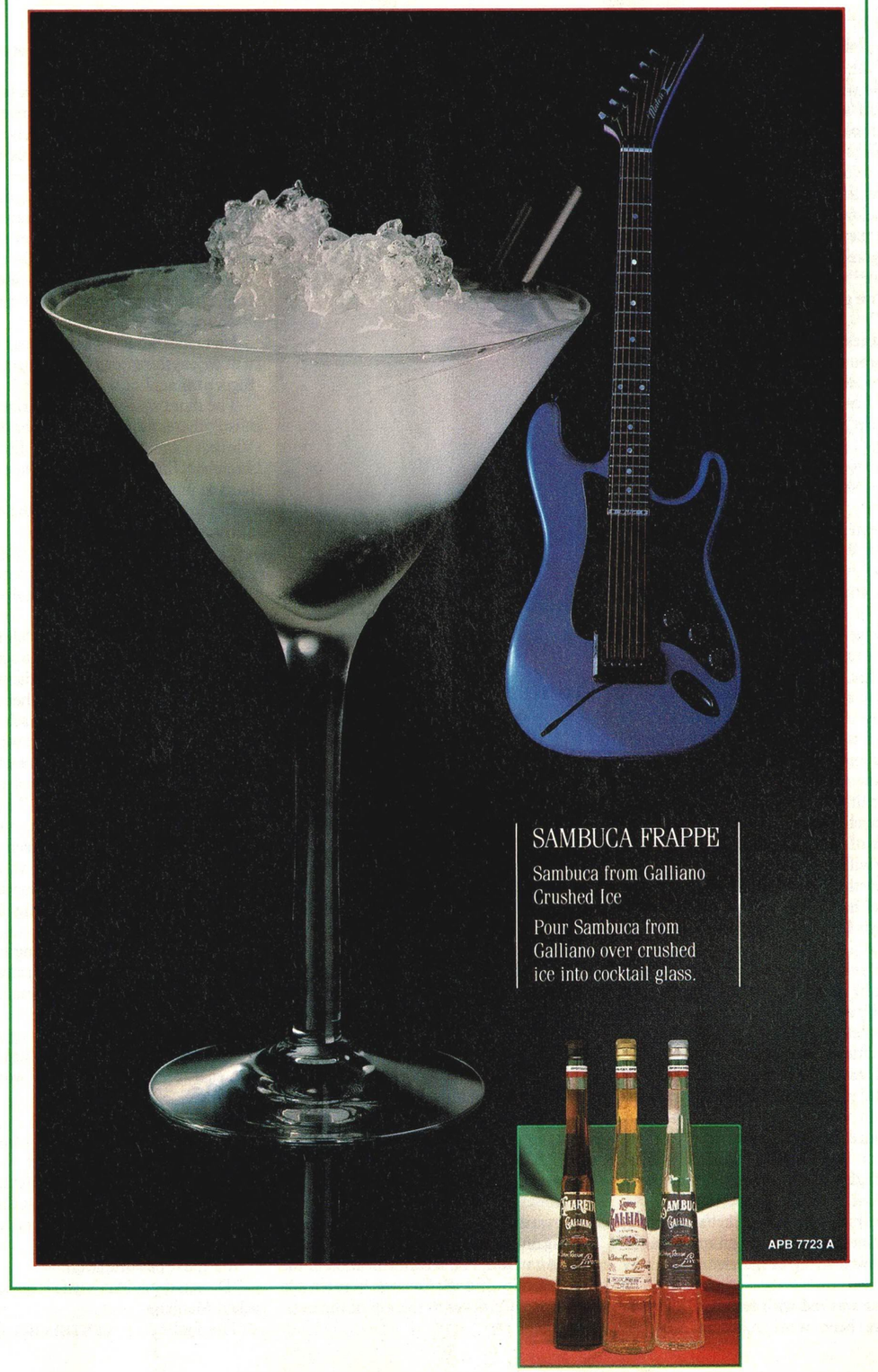
Although comic books have been appreciating for some years, there are also legitimate grounds to fear that this will not continue. For one thing, comic book fans do not generally come from the highest social strata of society and there is always the chance that they will run out of money.

Of course, while you are waiting for your comics to appreciate, you forgo bank interest and you will have to pay for storage and insurance. The aesthetic rewards (except among the semi-literate) are small as well. You can't even enjoy reading your comics because your fingerprints will cause them to deteriorate.

But there is more to life than money. If your mother terrorised you on the potty and a comic collection makes you feel better, then go ahead. If you make a buck, all the better. — SETH GREGORY

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID MORRIS

Classic Cocktails


SAMBUCA FRAPPE
Sambuca from Galliano
Crushed Ice
Pour Sambuca from Galliano over crushed ice into cocktail glass.
APB 7723 A

Women

Let's call her Margaret couldn't see out of the taxi because she was swoonily slumped against let's call him Max, her head nestled into his chest as he crooned a George Jones tune into her hair.

"No, no," Margaret murmured, "this is unfair, this is cruel and unusual, this is way below the belt. Do not sing George Jones to me, I am a good girl."

"Margaret?"

"What?"

"Can we go out? Can we see each other?"

"Yes."

"You mean it?"

Margaret sat up and put her fingers into her hair so that her curls stood straight out. "Hello, I am Glenn Close," she said.

Max, to give him credit, burst out laughing.

And thus yet another woman decided to fuck a married man.

Infidelity is such a pretty word, so light and delicate. Whereas the act itself is dark and thick with guilt, betrayal, confusion, pain and (okay) sometimes enormous pleasure. I know Margaret very well, but it didn't help.

"Nothing you can say will make any difference," she said. "I already know everything. I know this will end at least in tears, and possibly in agony.

"I know that I am being a cliché and will soon begin to hate myself and think of myself as sordid and pathetic.

"I know that I might soon start entertaining fruitless fantasies of him leaving his wife and us living happily ever after, and the absurdity of thinking a man who cheats on one wife will not cheat on another.

"I know that we are playing with a stacked deck, that he has all the aces and I have no power, that I'll never be able to pick up the phone and just call him, even if my fusebox blows up at 3am.

"I know that I am indulging in a profoundly anti-feminist act and will probably go to hell. I know I am violating the fifth commandment and that I am immoral.

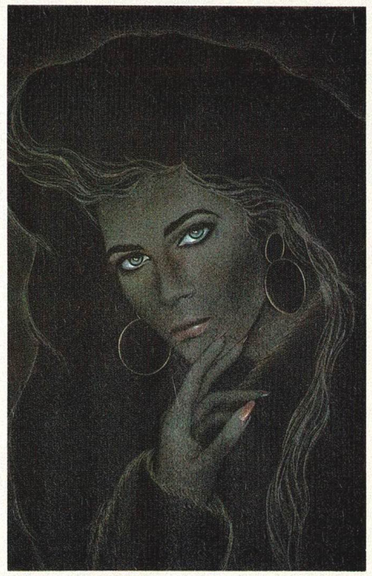
"And I know, god help me, that I could fall in love, and that then I will really be fucked."

"But do you realise," I said, "that by filling your life and dreams with this man, you're not leaving any room for a nice, decent, single guy who will bring you flowers and propose marriage?"

"Of course," she snapped, "what am I, dumb? Listen, this is not a pattern of mine. I don't have a string of married men in my past."

Her face was red with feeling.

"I have been waiting around for that



What's the attraction of married men? Women must learn to tell love from lust.

mythical single man for three years! Nobody's even kissed me in a year! And then out of nowhere this amazing guy comes, and I am struck by a lightning bolt of lust. What would you do?"

"Jesus, you really are fucked," I said.

These times do not well accommodate infidelity. Those loopholes that were created in the '60s, and '70s have been pulled tighter than Fred Nile's sphincter.

We no longer sanction open marriages or wife-swapping. We don't pretend anymore not to be jealous. We don't casually turn the other way while our mates "find some space".

The sexual revolution is over, the days of randy experimentation dead. Because there is that disease. We are understandably afraid to die.

But even if there weren't that disease, we are immersed in the neo-'50s, a time of conservatism and blind patriotism, a time of born-again Christians and TV preachers and *Fatal Attraction*, of the reglorification of the nuclear family. If *Anna Karenina* were written now, it would rocket to the top of the best-seller list.

But God or whatever it was that created the species has screwed us.

We do not, like geese, mate for life. Instead we have this overpowering sex drive. A crafty, irresponsible monster of a sex drive that rides roughshod over rules and morals and righteousness. A sex drive that makes fools of us all. So we can buy white wedding dresses and sharp tuxedos and order engraved matchbooks and promise in front of the entire world that we will be faithful for the rest of our lives, no kidding, and still some small, frightened part of our brains will be keening, "Well, anyway, I'll really try!"

No matter what our brains say, our bodies will do anything, anything, to get laid. It's bigger than all of us.

The more we deny the sex drive, pretend it isn't there, the worse we will be destroyed. Witness (and laugh at) poor Jim Bakker, wretched Jimmy Swaggart. They tried too hard to put the lid on.

So who amongst us will cast the first stone at Margaret?

"I will," she says, "I will cast the first stone at myself. I am such an arsehole. Why am I doing this? Women don't do this. Do they?"

"Of course we do," I said, "all the time. The most we can ever do to stop ourselves is to really, I mean really, do our damnedest to be faithful, to not go after another woman's man. To never do it lightly, or casually, or to get back at someone, or because we're bored or depressed or feeling fat. Because infidelity is serious shit. It deserves respect and fear."

"Did you hear about Fiona?" she asked, "Fifteen years married to the same guy, suddenly she goes cold, can't sleep with him anymore, and she runs away with a sexy young penniless musician and now instead of being an art patron she's waiting tables at a coffee shop."

"Just goes to show you the lengths we will go to get good sex," I said. "Meanwhile her husband, I happen to know, was having at least three affairs a year."

"How do you know?"

"Never you mind, missy. I'm just pointing out that even in this area, women are different."

Sure we are.

Men can separate love from sex better than we can. If your woman is being unfaithful, nine out of ten times she's doing it because she's profoundly dissatisfied with the relationship, not just for a random thrill.

You must pay attention.

"Do you think Max's wife is dissatisfied?" asked Margaret.

The fool. — CYNTHIA HEIMEL

Men

There's an old joke about Japanese girls and their sex equipment. You must know it . . . one guy has just picked up with a slope and his mate comes over for a bit of inedible oriental food and a carton of Sapporo. Mate's first question is, somewhat awkwardly . . . "Well... you know... is it true it goes sideways and not vertical?" The other summons his woman and instructs her to straddle the stair bannister and slide on down. When she hits the bottom he says: "Well, there's your answer."

Don't get it? Well neither did his mate, until it was explained to him.

But before I give you the punchline, I thought I'd fill you in on a little background . . .

I've just been to Japan so I thought I'd check it out for myself. After all, you can't trust mates who don't share their women, old jokes and urban myths. So right after I'd unloaded two spot for the cab ride from Narita to the Ginza I eased into the nearest bookstall cunningly disguised as a Udong takeaway, mini-supermarket, discount battery shop and general haberdashery.

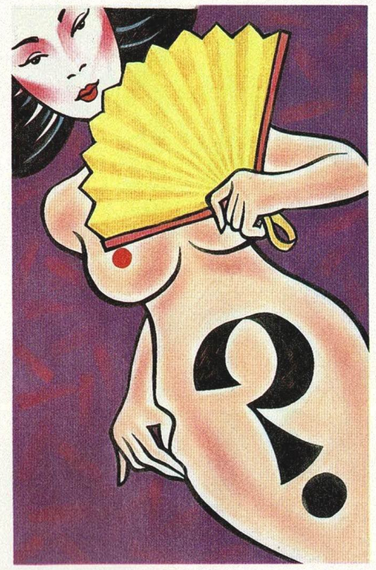
I headed straight for what the femlibbers fondly refer to as the "filthrack" and eased off a copy of the most reliable sexual encyclopaedia known to man: *Playboy*. Flick, flick (turns to back, then turns to front, then turns to back to front, they do this much differently here anyway), then finally stabs at the centrespread.

Eeeaagghh . . . no pussy!!! The girl had no pussy! Sure there was a place where a pussy could fit — right in there between the thighs where you'd expect. But there was nothing there. Not only was she completely hairless, but she was openless as well!

I decided it must be a misprint. I tried several other copies, then I tried several other magazines — still no pussy. I was starting to understand why all those Jap blokes have slit eyes and clenched teeth — either frustration or the continual masturbation. I mean, this was a desperate situation.

I decided to check into the hotel and regroup for the next attack. Downstairs I signed an ironclad contract to pay around $125 for a single room per night in a very ordinary off-Ginza hotel and the porter showed me upstairs to a broom closet . . . well, not actually a broom closet, but it was so small that I had to step into the bathroom to let the porter get in the room with my bags. Now I know how the space-jockeys feel in their jet-propelled capsules.

There was, however, an unexpected bonus: a TV with video machine, and — wait for it — no less than two blue movie channels. The



East is East and West is West, but the question remains: which way does the slit slant?

advice card stated they featured the latest in "imaginative, entertaining action for adults only". Bewdy, now at last we could get to grips with the southern anatomy of the mysterious oriental beauties.

You probably won't believe what followed, but I'll tell you anyway. This girl, apparently without any kind of natural orifices, was beaten, tied, beaten again, gang-raped, mass gang-raped, sodomised, forced to provide fellatio, multiple fellatio, simultaneous multiple fellatio and sundry other acts, all (initially at least) against her will. She took a generous semen bath followed by an enforced semen lunch — a la carte, five courses at least. After which she was bound and gagged, wrapped in a blanket and generously delivered home (naked) right to her front footpath — all, according to my observations, with great delight, but amazingly all without a pussy (or indeed, during fellatio, without a mouth) due to a mysterious blur on the TV screen.

I was starting to feel as frustrated as those Japanese blokes looked. And after reviewing a number of movies (debit the account 25 bucks), I was none the wiser as to the venereal structure of the typical Japanese woman.

These were desperate times. It was obvious that a genital inspection could only be arranged by commercial appointment, so I resolved to return to the hotel and summon a... err... medical advisory service.

I eased back sideways into the room and consulted the Alexander Graham Bell. At the other end of the line a charming woman told me in halting English that I could have "complete satisfaction" for something approaching 300 Aussie bucks. A persistent line of questioning failed to get the specifics, but I got the distinct impression that what was going to be sent to my room was something that indeed had the necessary equipment to play the old parlour game of "Hide the sausage" — small wonder then that they could get 300 bucks an hour if they had the only supply of women in Japan with real genital orifices. Surely you could virtually name your price?!

But did they?

Well, let me tell you, I learned more about Japanese girls in the next two hours (uhuh, I went into overtime, the extra 200 bucks was worth it) than I had learned in the previous 40 odd years. I learned that there is something more between the thighs than the smooth finish that an artist's airbrush can impart. I learned that despite the dissolving camera effect of the video, Japanese girls are capable of everything you'd expect — including providing a garage for male genitalia, cunnilingus, fellatio, and a few other tricks besides.

I never did discover why it is all right to screen blue videos positioned somewhere between X-rating and "snuff", but not to show actual genitals, whether active or dormant. It's also okay to do male and female bestiality (yes, I do mean getting off with animals, including dogs and sheep, rape, sexual violence, beating, sodomy etc). All okay — just no genitals . . .

Which only leaves one other item unanswered: is IT vertical or horizontal?

For just 500 bucks, plus an airfare to Japan and a couple of grand for accommodation and expenses — you can bloody well do your own research.

I am prepared however, to advance you a little clue. In the punchline for the joke, the guy with the Asian girlfriend explains it this way to his friend . . .

"Well, mate," he says, splitting his lips with his forefinger, "if it was sideways, when she slid down the bannister, she wouldn't have gone down clean as a whistle. You would have heard something like — be-derr, be-derr, be-derr . . ." — ROB LUCK

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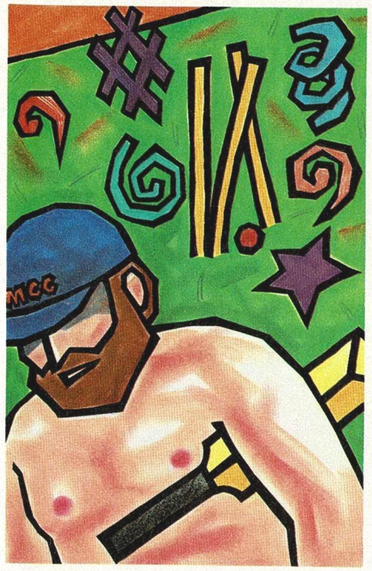
There is a very real danger in a topline sportsman indulging in sex before or during a game, but it has nothing to do with how this may or may not affect his performance on the field of play. No, the worry is that you might get caught with your cock in the wringer.

Those great purveyors of public outrage and arbiters of mass morality, the tabloid press of the world, have in recent years become alarmingly adept at sniffing out an indiscretion and finding a fuckee who needs money more than she needs her reputation. Last winter's silliness involving a barmaid and the then-captain of the England cricket team, **Mike Gatting**, was perhaps the most high-profile alleged dalliance in some time, but it was by no means the first nor the last occasion on which a famous sportsperson will be caught, figuratively and literally, with their pants down. In fact, as a former Australian Test captain told this writer at the time: "If fucking barmaids disqualified you from the Australian captaincy, we would never have had a skipper."

In recent years the media have been relentless in their pursuit of sporting figures for a variety of reasons. Perhaps the most important of these is that people have generally become blase about the indiscretions of television personalities, rock stars and even politicians. In the case of the last it can be (and has been) argued that sexual compromise might adversely affect the affairs of the nation. Or, to put it bluntly, that a government minister having a torrid and clandestine affair with a hooker might be inclined to think with his balls rather than his brain. But much more important to the average bloke in the street is the prospect of his football team going down the gurgler in the preliminary final because the key player spent the eve of the game pissed as a newt and chokka in some brothel.

Sports figures have it much tougher than rock stars, of whom very little is expected in the area of decency and morality. (There is also never a suggestion that night after night of demented, drug-crazed lust might adversely affect a concert performance.) But sports stars, by and large, are expected to be both responsible and down to earth. It is a tough double act to pull off, as many fallen idols have discovered.

The whole ethos of male team sport is a demonstration of skills and strengths which are clearly sexual in origin, and one has only to look at the depictions of the well-oiled torsos of the first Olympians to see that sexual and athletic prowess were closely related. And yet, for some strange reason



Rock stars may get away with anything, but sex and sport? Perish the thought!

(possibly to do with the fact that sports figures carry with them onto the field the hopes and aspirations of such a wide cross-section of the community) sex and sport are held not to mix.

Here in Australia we chortle about the end-of-season drunken antics of this football team or the pack-raping of a young girl by that surf club boat crew... but jeez! Catch an Aussie sporting hero in a bit of extra-marital hanky panky and watch the moral indignation fly in the afternoon papers and on the evening current affairs shows. So far as sport is concerned, rooting is all right as long as it remains in the realm of myth and legend. It's when it gets closer to home that it gets a bit on the nose.

Which brings us back to poor old Gatting, a fair player and an honest if uninspiring captain. The issue here was not so much whether or not the captain of England trousered some tart in his hotel room by way of celebrating his birthday, but that he said he didn't and the Test And County Cricket Board said they believed him and then sacked him anyway. The TCCB presumably felt that Gatting's guilt or innocence was of little importance. What was of importance was that the gutter press had paid good bucks for their story and were now baying for blood.

So are the scandal sheets now running world sport? One would hope not. One would hope that administrators in other sports would show a bit more backbone and loyalty to their players. As well as spitting on Gatting from a great height, the TCCB really showed what stuff it was made of by immediately appointing in his stead the former rebel South African tourist **John Emburey**, whose form at the time was such that had he not been captain he would probably not have been playing. Thus cricket's almost heavenly administrative body was prepared to forgive gross disloyalty involving the breaking of United Nations sanctions, but not the possibility that a man had a weak moment and succumbed to the fatal attraction.

But if the TCCB could be accused of having its priorities arse-about, the English media could be accused of a lot worse. And it wasn't just the gutter press who had a field day with the Gatting business. **David Frith**, the editor of *Wisden Cricket Monthly*, took the opportunity to blame the ugly face of sex on the cricket establishment's old bete noir, **Kerry Packer**.

Mmm. I've known a few top-level cricketers, some of whom played before the World Series era, some during and some since. They are very different fellows but they have in common, beyond their sporting ability, a total commitment to the pursuit of excellence in both beer and broads. I would say they are fairly representative of the type of people who have played Test cricket over the past 30-odd years, and there is no evidence to suggest that it was any different before that.

The legendary **Keith Miller** tells many an amusing tale about the long sea voyages to and from England, during which many indiscretions far worse than **Rodney Marsh's** world record 27-hour beer-guzzling marathon were committed. And, going back even further, the writer and cricket fanatic **Dal Stivens** has protected the memory of several cricketing greats from the Mailey and Trumper eras by fictionalising certain episodes, but you don't need to have the brilliant deductive mind of a **Roger Rogerson** to work out that there were some top pants men about then, long before Kerry Packer allegedly encouraged cricketers to rub their schlongs in public.

So, in the wake of the Gatting fiasco, can we expect cricketers and other sportsmen to keep their minds above their belts? I don't know, but with the Calypso cavaliers in town this summer, it seems unlikely.

— PHIL JARRATT

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Showbiz

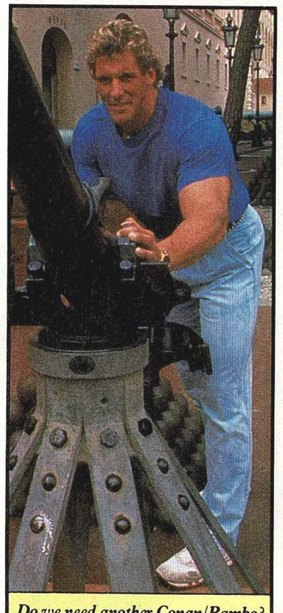
Veni, video, vici: it came, we saw, but has it conquered?

VIDEO TASTIES: Video has been blamed for all manner of nastiness, as were television and the cinema before it. But clearly TV isn't going to go away; indeed it threatens to take up more and more of our day, while cinema, over which the last rites have been read many times when the other electronic media have seemed about to swamp it, is still alive and kicking, and indeed is seen to be thriving, just when the doom-sayers are giving the thumbs-down to video.

But we're betting that video isn't going to go away either, even though the initial glamour has faded. Over the next year or so we will all be making the inevitable move into Super-VHS as its high definition begins to make its mark, despite the price (around the $2000 mark) and despite the present tendency to go for bottom-end-of-the-market VHS nearer the $600 mark. This is, after all, the first genuine upgrading of viewing quality. And just over the next rise is TV and video with a new ratio which will allow you to watch wide screen movies in their original form, instead of losing a large percentage from either side of the picture. (Just watch the credits if you don't believe us!)

The average movie can look forward to a run in the cinemas of eight weeks if it is lucky, but its shelf life in the video store is more like eight years. More and more we are discovering titles on the shelves which were gone before we noticed them in local cinema. Moreover video firms are becoming more and more adventurous, and some long-awaited movies are becoming available on video while the cinema distribution companies dither.

Take *Hail, Hail, Rock'n'Roll*, for instance, about which we have complained earlier. After the phenomenal success of *La Bamba*, the fictionalised account of the life of a minor rocker, **Ritchie Valens** (which hits the video shops this month), this performance documentary of the legendary **Chuck Berry** masterminded by **Keith Richards** could have been a monster. Instead, after a token release at the Melbourne art house, the Valhalla, it was launched with full fanfare by CIC-Taft Video — which led to a token release at Sydney's Valhalla!



Do we need another Conan/Rambo? Cannon Productions think so: they've signed a new German hunk, Ralf Moller, for a five-picture deal. Filming starts this month.

The movie itself is a gem, with great performances by Berry and the band that Keith Richards lovingly put together for him, fascinating reminiscences from rock giants like **Little Richard**, **Bo Diddley** and **Jerry Lee Lewis**, and some incredible moments of truth when Chuck refuses to talk about his jail terms, or prevents too much close questioning of his wife of 40 years, or abuses the hapless Keith. Balancing this are appearances by **Eric Clapton, Linda Ronstadt** and **Julian Lennon**, all lifelong admirers, and some intriguing commentary from Keith Richards, who recalls being punched by the great man years ago, and says of the movie, "He gave me more headaches than **Mick Jagger**, but you can't help but love him."

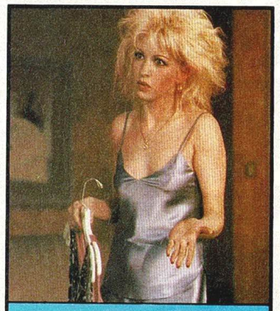
●

WHO GOES FIRST?: But it goes further than that. The movie that got a special mention from the Critics Circle at the Sydney Film Festival, *Business As Usual*, has not yet got a theatrical distributor, so Warners Video has jumped in and collared it for the living room market. Part of the latest crop of top-rate British movies, *Business As Usual* tackles the thorny subject of sexual harassment, and stars **Glenda Jackson** as a Liverpool housewife who has found herself a job as a manager of a fashion boutique when hubby **John Thaw**, a big union negotiator, loses his job in the Tate & Lyle closure. Glenda loses her job too when she defends the delicious **Cathy** *(Mona Lisa)* **Tyson** from an area manager who wants to put his hand up her skirt, and is soon the centre of a full-on strike. It's great, stirring, and dare we say it, commercial stuff. One can only hope that wiser counsel will lead to a theatrical release which can only help publicise it for video later.

●

OTHER GOODIES: Look out for *Meantime*, **Gary** *(Sid And Nancy)* **Oldman's** first film, a very bitter comedy about life on the dole in Britain when the whole family's out of work... *Crimes Of Passion*, **Ken Russell's** shocker with sexy **Kathleen Turner** as streetwalker China Blue, *The Mean Season*, an off-beat thriller with **Kurt Russell** and **Mariel Hemingway** which never saw the inside of an Australian cinema, and *9½ Weeks*, the erotic classic starring **Mickey Rourke** and **Kim Basinger**, all for direct sale to the public for less than $25... and all-time classics like *Citizen Kane* plus three **Fred Astaire/Ginger Rogers** titles, which should be in the shops before Christmas at a similar price... Finally, this month sees the long-awaited video release of the highest grossing movie in history, little ol' *ET, The Extra-Terrestrial*.

REELING AND ROCKING: Both **George Harrison** and **David Byrne** show up in the movie *Checking Out*, starring **Jeff Daniels**. Harrison plays a janitor in the hereafter... Another film about the Woodstock Festival is in the works: *Young Men With Unlimited Capital*, the story of the four guys who put the festival together, ends as Woodstock begins... **Yoko Ono** plans to open a **John Lennon** museum on the Upper West Side of New York. She's looking for a space big enough to house his diaries, unreleased songs, guitars, costumes and drawings, to be opened in time for his 50th birthday in 1990... A record of very early **Pink Floyd** songs, *Rarities*, will be in the stores by Christmas.



Cuteness personified, Cyndi Lauper, makes her film debut opposite Jeff Goldblum and Peter Falk in Vibes, a wacky comedy made to measure for her personality.

"CROCODILE" DUNDEE TOO: Now that the blaze of publicity has subsided, **Hoges** and **Linda** have settled into chaotic domesticity, and the diminishing box-office returns show you can't fool all the people all of the time, can you recall how we laughed at those stupid Yanks who had to have the original movie retitled with quotation marks round the Crocodile, just in case they thought it was a film about that fearsome reptile? And did you notice how the sequel was called *"Crocodile" Dundee II* for the Australian market, despite our supposed higher intellects? Had we become suddenly stupid too? — GRAHAM BARRY

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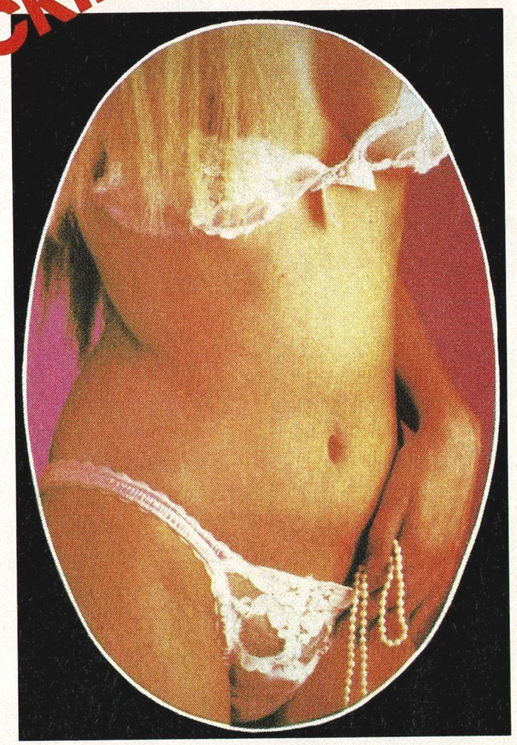

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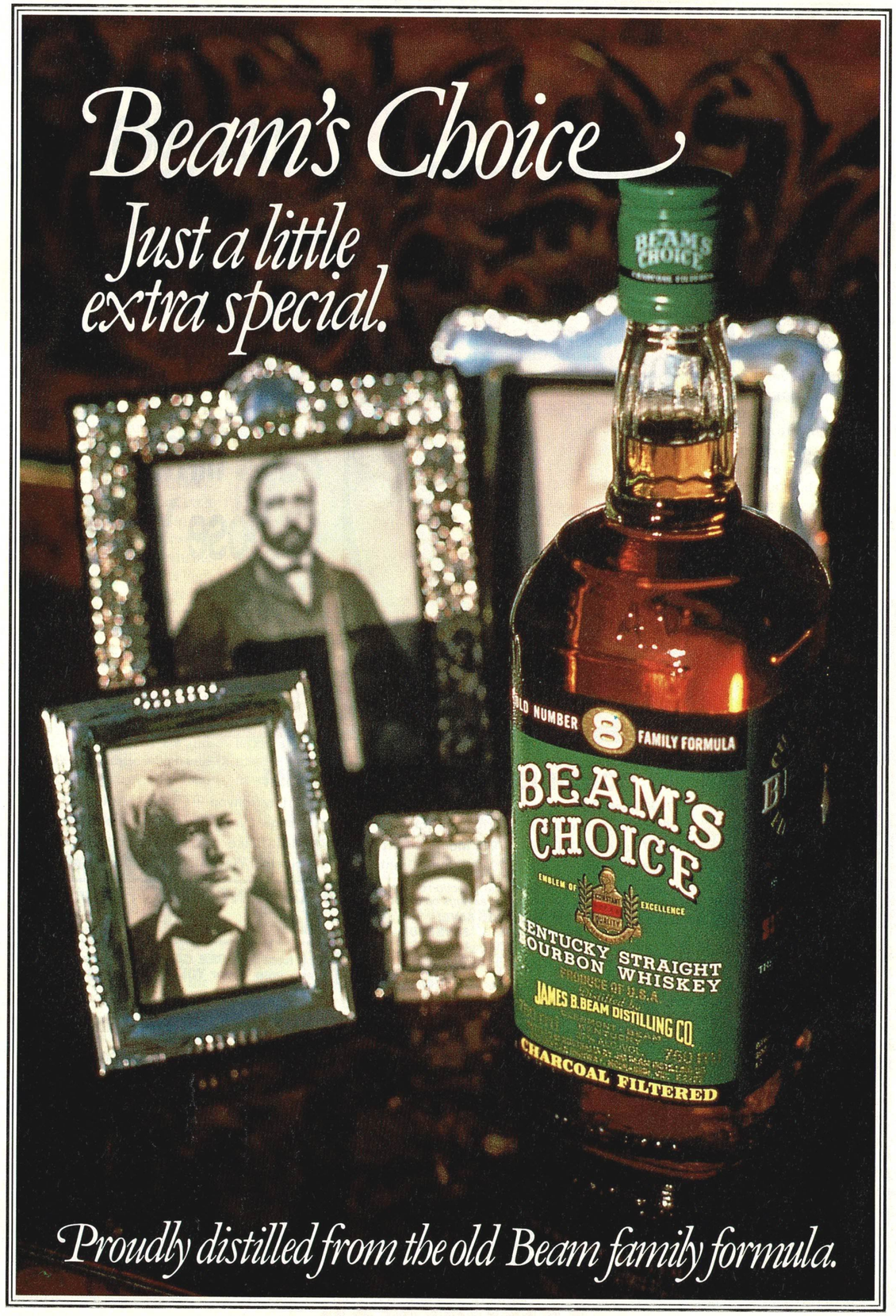

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: YASIR ARAFAT

A candid conversation with the PLO chief about terrorism, Israelis, Palestinians and — for the first time — secret meetings with Americans.

For the past quarter century, through three Arab-Israeli wars and a parade of kings, sheikhs, prime ministers, presidents and war lords, the Middle East leader who is perhaps best known, most widely reviled and, by some, most esteemed is a man without a home or a country. Indeed, it sometimes seems as if Yasir Arafat, chairman of the Palestine Liberation Organisation, is perceived by Israelis as a greater threat, and a bigger villain, than the combined armed forces of the neighbouring Arab states.

Arafat, whose scraggly stubble and chequered head-dress have made him instantly recognisable on television screens throughout the world, has been in power long enough to have met many of the world's leaders—and most of their predecessors. He has been embraced not only by Muammar el-Gaddafi but by Pope John Paul II, Deng Xiaoping, Mikhail Gorbachev and other European leaders.

At the same time, with unflagging hostility, Israeli leaders continue to denounce Arafat—who used to call for Israel to be "driven" into the sea—as the world's leading terrorist. It is a term he repudiates.

Arafat's principal trait is one that the Israelis would admire in another man: he is a survivor. For 30 years, he has led an organisation whose goal is to establish a Palestinian homeland in what is now Israel. Yet he has been unable to gain an inch of ground for his five million people, most of whom live in squalor in refugee camps scattered throughout the Middle East. He has been the leader of a guerrilla army that has won few battles against its principal foe, the Israelis. As the unruly PLO, whose factions range from Islamic fundamentalists to atheistic Marxists, has split, shattered and come together again, Arafat has been declared irrelevant any number of times.

Yet he endures, the chairman of a PLO that is today, if anything, more united and powerful in the Arab world than it has ever been. The PLO has offices in 90 countries and has observer status at the United Nations. To the chagrin of the US and Israel, Arafat, an empty holster strapped to his waist, got a standing ovation at the UN podium in 1974 when he addressed a session of the General Assembly.

As far as the Israelis are concerned, Arafat is no statesman but the leader of a "terrorist gang", a "thug" they will never forgive—or negotiate with. In the US, a politician's tentative support for Arafat can brand him a radical; on the current scene, only Jesse Jackson has embraced Arafat, and American Jews have not forgotten.

The Israeli indictment of Arafat stems from the years of random shelling and cross-border raids from Syria, Jordan and Lebanon that killed hundreds of Israeli civilians during the '60s. Then during the '70s, a series of spectacular international terrorist incidents was attributed to the PLO by Israel. Although Arafat was not personally responsible for all the incidents—indeed, some were carried out by his sworn enemies—the bloody deeds were all done in the name of Palestinian "liberation". Arafat, of course, is the very embodiment of that cause and received both the blame and the credit. He is seen by some as having defended his people's right to a homeland with no less brutal methods than did the pre-1948 Israelis, but his international standing—as either an outlaw menace or a visionary national leader—depends on one's point of view.

He was born Rahman Abdul Rauf Arafat-al-Qudwa al-Husseini in 1929 and picked up the nickname Yasir as a boy. He was one of seven children of a well-off Palestinian merchant. He grew up in Egypt and became active in the Palestinian cause while an engineering student at Cairo University.

In 1948, British Palestine was partitioned by the UN to create the state of Israel, though Arab Palestinians outnumbered Jews in the area by more than two to one. War broke out immediately, and Arafat, who was living in Gaza at the time, says he fought beside his Arab brothers against the Jewish militia. In the end, the Israeli army defeated the combined forces of Egypt, Jordan, Iraq and Syria, and Arafat returned to Cairo.

Arafat established Al Fatah (an Arab

"In this present uprising, the Israelis are using gas — made in the USA, 1988. Why? Why does the US turn our people into an experiment for new weapons?"

"Everyone has now discovered who is the real terrorist organisation: it is the Israeli military junta who are killing women and children, killing pregnant women."

"Before, I was very rich. I was well on the way to being a millionaire. I used to go through Lebanon, then to Europe, as a tourist. Lebanon was just a stop on the way."

acronym originally denoting death, now conquest) in the late '50s, travelling to refugee camps to recruit unemployed youths to his cause. In 1969, Al Fatah merged with the PLO and Arafat was named chairman.

With the help of millions of dollars from the oil states in the Persian Gulf, Arafat's PLO grew enormously and soon became a direct threat to the Arab regimes that had originally sponsored it. In September 1970, Jordan's King Hussein, the Hashimite monarch who rules a kingdom that is 50 percent Palestinian, dispatched his fierce Bedouin troops to dislodge what had become a rump Palestinian state within Jordan. In furious fighting, as many as 10,000 Palestinian guerrillas were killed before the guerrilla army fled to Syria and Lebanon. Arafat himself was reportedly smuggled out of Jordan in disguise.

Arafat and his well-armed Palestinian fighters quickly re-established their power in Lebanon, which made them a direct threat to Syria. When civil war broke out in 1975, Syrian troops intervened on the side of Christian militiamen to prevent their defeat at Arafat's hands. In 1982, Arafat and his guerrillas were thrown out of southern Lebanon by an Israeli invasion and dispersed throughout the Middle East. But within a year, Arafat had re-established himself in Tripoli, in northern Lebanon, only to be attacked again after Syria engineered a mutiny in his own Al Fatah ranks. His life was saved when the great powers arranged a cease-fire and evacuation for Arafat and his 4000 remaining fighters. But he and his PLO were declared, once and for all, a spent force. Said an editorial headline in The Wall Street Journal: "YASIR WHO?"

But the pundits had again underestimated Arafat. From his new bases in Tunis, Yemen and Baghdad, the wily survivor once more engineered a PLO revival. By 1985, his fighters were back in Lebanon in force. And although the current rebellion in Israel's occupied territories was at first seen as a minus for the PLO—the young stone-throwers known as the shabab reportedly denounced the old leaders as ineffectual—Arafat quickly asserted his authority the old-fashioned way: he paid for it.

With an annual budget estimated at $275 million and world-wide assets thought to be between two billion dollars and 18 billion dollars, Arafat presides over a network of political and social programs that forms a firm basis for his unflagging popularity among ordinary Palestinians. Although he has not given them a homeland, he has given them hospitals and clinics, schools and scholarships, unemployment benefits and pensions. The PLO doles out welfare payments to 60,000 families a month, spends $25 million a year on health care and millions more to finance overseas-university scholarships, legal-defence funds and Palestinian newspapers.

Although he doesn't look the part of the government bureaucrat, Arafat's ability to manage what amounts to a nation without borders is the secret of his survival—that and his uncanny ability to play opponents off against one another. As Judith Miller wrote in The New York Times Magazine, "Arafat remains something of an enigma—all things to all men—terrorist, statesman, dreamer, pragmatist, Jekyll, Hyde. Even friends describe him as a human chameleon, a political operator who makes Machiavelli look like a straightforward kind of guy."

Nevertheless, among his people, he is well loved. Among close associates, he is affectionately called the old man, though at 59 he is younger than some of them. To his admirers in the Palestinian camps and villages, he is known by his nom de guerre, Abu Ammar. Despite his access to vast sums of money, Arafat lives a simple life. He is unmarried ("I am married to Al Fatah," he has been quoted as saying. "Al Fatah is my woman, my family, my life"). He neither smokes nor drinks, and his principal indulgence is an excess of honey in his tea. His residence changes often and in secret to avoid the recent fate of his longtime friend and principal deputy, Khalil Al-Wazir—also known as Abu Jihad—who was assassinated by a hit squad assumed to have been organised by Israel.

To discover more about the man and his PLO, Playboy sent ***Morgan Strong*** *to talk with Arafat. Strong, a journalist who has taught Middle East studies, interviewed Lebanese war lord Walid Jumblatt for Playboy in 1984. Strong's report:*

"My first attempt to meet Yasir Arafat was in June 1982 in Beirut. Unfortunately, Israel picked that week to invade Lebanon, and our get-together was postponed indefinitely. In late 1987, I tried again. Finally, we arranged a meeting at his offices in Tunis.

"I waited for a week upon arrival and spent my nights listening for the phone and my days strolling the streets of Tunis. True to form, the call I was expecting came at midnight. Someone would be right there to take me to dinner with the chairman. Also true to form, the driver arrived two hours later, and we sped off through a darkened city devoid of deadly cars, which was a great comfort. After a circuitous drive, we arrived at a tree-lined street in the suburbs. Several cars were parked in front of Arafat's house, and a group of men lounged against them. As we approached and entered the house, I heard the unmistakable click of weapons being nervously shifted.

"I was ushered down a short hall into a rather large room furnished with a corner desk and several chairs. The PLO flag stood to one side of the desk. Arafat stood up and rushed across the room to greet me. He wore a small pistol on his hip. He grasped my hands in his and welcomed me. Dinner was spartan, consisting of pita bread and hummous, the Middle East's favourite food. There were also fried eggs, raw vegetables and fruit juice.

"Arafat insisted that I have the first choice of dishes. Later, in Baghdad, he would insist that I eat fruit after one of our meals, saying it was essential to my health.

"We talked at length, but I wanted more. To get it, I went on an odyssey that was to take me from Tunis to Amsterdam to New York, back to Tunis, to Paris, to Tunis again, France again, then to Baghdad via Belgrade. If I had joined a frequent-fliers club, it would have had to give me my own 747.

"We finished our interview in Baghdad, a city in which virtually every public facility is named after President Saddam Hussein. Just one Iranian Silkworm missile whooshed into town during my stay, and happily, it did not come down in my vicinity. But I felt its impact.

"The ritual for the interview sessions was by then familiar: late-night calls to the residence provided for Arafat by Hussein — Saddam Government Guest House Complex One, just off Saddam Boulevard. A tardy car to take me there. During those sessions, I spent time with Bassam Abu Sharif, Arafat's senior adviser, translator and chief PLO spokesman—seen by American television audiences on ABC's Nightline — who was crucial in arranging my meetings with Arafat. Bassam also provided me with the interview's most startling disclosure.

"Finally, after several days, I left Baghdad, but not without incident. At the last of three security checks at Saddam International Airport, a customs agent discovered my tapes of the interview—I had not been able to send duplicates to my Playboy editor. I was told that they could not be taken on the plane. The guard then casually tossed one of the cassettes into a large garbage container. Six months, hundreds of thousands of kilometres, and here was this idiot gathering up all the tapes for a final toss into the ash bin. I raised my voice in protest and a loud argument ensued, luckily in English. At last, one agent said he would take the tapes to his superior for a final judgment. He was gone for perhaps 20 minutes. When he returned, he reluctantly gave me the tapes but refused to retrieve the one in the garbage. What follows, then, is in no small measure courtesy of that Iraqi airport guard whose name I don't know and am not about to go back to find out."

We are confronting the sophisticated weapons and fascist means of the Israelis with stones and sticks, even shouting, until they withdraw.

PLAYBOY: During these past months, the uprising in the West Bank and Gaza—and the Israeli reaction to it—has produced a dramatic change in the way people perceive the Palestinian cause. Despite that, do you think the PLO will ever succeed in shedding its terrorist label?

ARAFAT: Everyone has now discovered who is the *real* terrorist organisation: it is the Israeli military junta who are killing women and children, smashing their bones, killing pregnant women. You just have to look at television to see this. So now it is clear and obvious who the terrorists are.

PLAYBOY: Do you, as head of the PLO, claim responsibility for the uprising? Are you directing it?

ARAFAT: I think that this is clear to the whole world. The masses have been demonstrating now for six months, raising the flag of the PLO, shouting the slogans of the PLO.

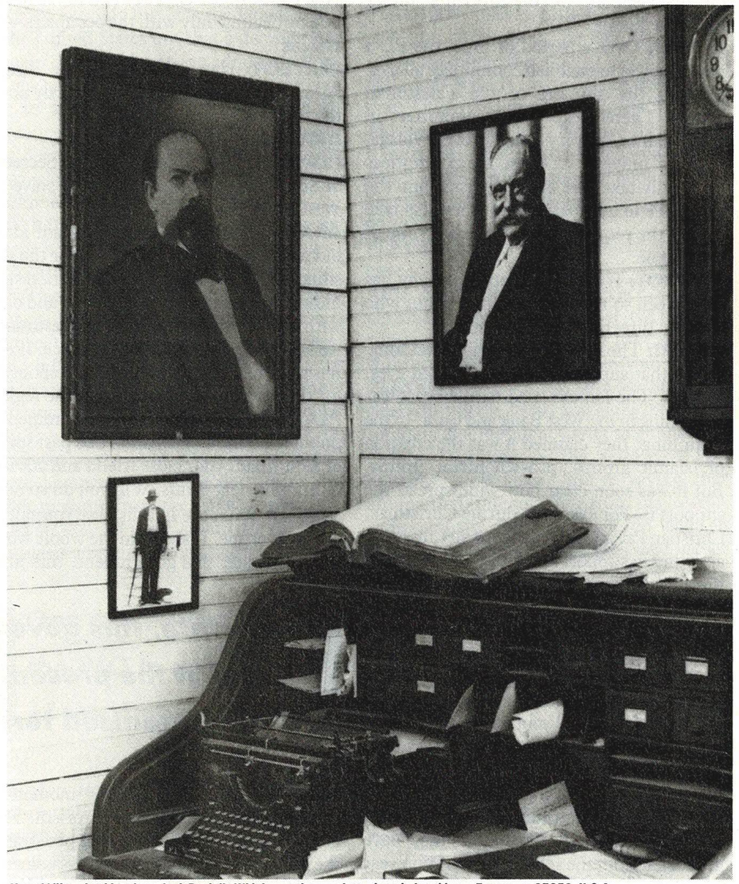
PLAYBOY: But it has been widely considered a spontaneous uprising, internally directed, without sponsorship.

ARAFAT: What is going on right now in the West Bank and Gaza is not just the creation of the moment. It's the result of long-term accumulation of resentment and opposition to oppression, resentment and opposition to occupation. All generations, all levels of the people have participated. And it is our decision, by the way, that the demonstrations should continue in a democratic, civilised way. We are confronting the sophisticated weapons and fascist means of the Israelis with stones and sticks, even shouting, until they withdraw.

PLAYBOY: How have you managed to plan and direct the uprising, since you are some distance from the territories?

ARAFAT: Plan and direct the uprising? The PLO? How did we do this?

PLAYBOY: Yes. We realise you may be reluctant to discuss tactics. But, for instance, we began this interview in Tunis, we are now in Baghdad—and in between, you've been in Syria and the Soviet Union. It makes hands-



If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A.

JACK DANIEL and HIS NEPHEW, Lem Motlow, disagreed on most everything. Until it came to making whiskey.

Mr. Jack (that's him on the left) was a fancy dresser. So Lem refused to wear a tie! But they both insisted on mellowing their whiskey through huge vats of charcoal before aging. And we're about the only distillery who still does it that way today. You see, Mr. Jack once said, "Every day we make it, we'll make it the best we can." And neither Lem nor anybody else ever disagreed with that.

JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

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on management of the uprising rather difficult, doesn't it?

ARAFAT: Over a period of time, the PLO has managed to establish committees all over through the support of the Palestinian people. There are people's committees in every quarter, in every camp, in every village, in every university. There are committees that really take care of the uprising and the resistance to occupation. But they also take care of the requirements of the daily life of the people.

PLAYBOY: If that is so apparent, why has there been so much speculation about who is really directing the Palestinians?

ARAFAT: The Israeli propaganda, and some media that support them with closed eyes, say this. The Israelis tried to blur what was happening in the West Bank and Gaza. In the beginning, they claimed it was the creation of Islamic groups, pro-Khomeini groups. But it was soon clear how wide-spread the support is. For example, during Christmas, Christian Palestinians cancelled all Christmas activities to support Moslem Sabbath activities already cancelled. So that showed the big lie of the Israelis.

PLAYBOY: It's ironic, isn't it, that after all these years of armed conflict with the Israelis, the main reason world opinion toward the Palestinian cause has changed is the sight of unarmed young men and women throwing stones? How do you feel about that, considering your varied methods through the years?

ARAFAT: I am very proud of the young men and women. Don't forget that they have graduated from the school of revolution year after year. They have gone from the school of resistance to occupation. These children have been taught, day after day, not to forget their homeland. They will not accept slavery; they will fight to be free human beings and to defend their rights as free human beings. Someday to live in the same way that other children of the world are living, peacefully.

PLAYBOY: Despite your assertions, many people believe that the PLO no longer represents the Palestinian people—that the uprising is self-contained and is really a result of PLO inertia. True?

ARAFAT: I find that question being answered every day in the occupied territories. [*Angrily*] You don't need to direct this question to me! You can go to the West Bank and Gaza, or even watch television, or listen to the cries of our people. You will understand that the overwhelming majority of the Palestinian people regard the PLO as their sole and legitimate representative. And they don't accept any kind of alternative proposed by this international force or the other, or alternatives supported by the Israelis!

PLAYBOY: When you say "international force", do you mean the United States?

ARAFAT: If the American administration, or any country, wants to play a constructive role in seeking peace, they should not hide from facts. They should deal with the facts directly by realising that there is no other way than to deal with the *two parties* in the conflict: Israel and the PLO. They can never have a role by dealing only with the occupiers—the Israelis.

PLAYBOY: Has anyone from the Reagan administration contacted you directly about the uprising?

ARAFAT: No.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about Secretary of State George Shultz's efforts to solve the West Bank crisis?

ARAFAT: Shultz has carried certain ideas, old ideas, that are not adequate for the new situation. If the Reagan administration stops hiding the sun with its little finger, and deals with the rights of five million Palestinians, we will be on the right road for peace. If not, it is the United States who will be responsible for the misery and bloodshed in the region.

PLAYBOY: You have not yet commented publicly on the assassination this past spring of Abu Jihad, your close friend and adviser, in his villa near Tunis. Will you do so now?

ARAFAT: What the Israelis have committed is a great crime. It shows to the whole world that this state, this government, this junta ruling Israel at the present moment is conducting state-organised terrorism. They are defying the whole world and penetrating the sovereignty of countries and assassinating hundreds of kilometres away from Israel.

This state, this government, this junta ruling Israel at the present moment is conducting state-organised terrorism.

By this, Israel has proved once more to the world that the Cairo declaration [*in which the PLO renounced "operations" outside the occupied territories*] means nothing to them. Because before this crime, they did several other crimes. I think any objective person in the world should see the source of organised state terrorism as Israel, not those who are resisting.

PLAYBOY: Before this interview began, you told us that you had indirectly received a letter from the American government assuring you that the US had had no involvement in the assassination of Abu Jihad. But you said that letter also stated that the US "has knowledge" that you personally approved attacks against American targets in retaliation and warned you that if such attempts were made, the US would deal with them severely. *Did* you personally approve such attacks?

ARAFAT: [*Angrily*] Of course not! We did receive a letter stamped SECRET that was passed to an Arab country to be passed on to us. And it is true, I received an official message from the American administration accusing me of approving attacks against United States citizens to avenge Abu Jihad. They are holding us responsible for anything that happens. The letter is proof that the United States is planning to carry out attacks against the PLO and its leadership. They are basing this on supposed attacks against Americans which I may have approved. *May* have approved!

There is an old Arab proverb that says, "The suspect is saying, 'Take me in, I am guilty!'" — and that is the United States, of course. Before testifying against us before Congress, Ambassador [*Richard*] Murphy should have checked the files at his own State Department to see how many times the PLO has protected American citizens rather than attacked them.

PLAYBOY: And you believe that it's an excuse to attack you and the PLO leaders?

ARAFAT: Yes. We know that the United States supplied Israel with sensitive information, satellite photographs of our headquarters in Tunis, before they bombed it in 1985. Robert McFarlane did this.

PLAYBOY: The same McFarlane who was, at the time, using the Israelis as intermediaries in the Iran/Contra deal?

ARAFAT: Yes. We know it is true. The United States is trying to intimidate me by direct threats on my life. We expect other assassinations of our leaders.

PLAYBOY: You say that the PLO has protected US citizens in the past. How?

ARAFAT: I will give you an example. During the beginning of the civil war in Beirut, in 1976 and later in 1977, you know we twice helped thousands of Americans to evacuate. The first time through the hills and the second time by the seashore.

PLAYBOY: Was that ever acknowledged by the US?

ARAFAT: I have a letter from Henry Kissinger, an official letter, thanking the PLO and the Palestinian troops for the sacrifices they offered to save the lives of the Americans.

PLAYBOY: A letter of thanks from Kissinger? Wasn't Andrew Young, during the Carter administration, forced to resign as US ambassador to the UN for having had a brief conversation with your permanent observer there, Zehdi Terzi?

ARAFAT: Yes!

PLAYBOY: But Kissinger is currently no supporter of yours. Didn't he recently suggest that TV cameras should be barred from the West Bank and Gaza, and that the Palestinian uprising should be "brutally suppressed"?

ARAFAT: Yes, and how shameful are his words [*Angrily gesticulating*] "No to the PLO" — how shameful. We never harmed the Americans, never. We helped the Americans elsewhere, too. And in spite of this, look at what has happened.

PLAYBOY: On what other occasions have you helped Americans?

ARAFAT: During the hostage-taking in Iran. We released the first hostages from the embassy. The first 13 embassy personnel. They were released according to my personal efforts.

PLAYBOY: We're not sure we understand. You mean that Carter forced Young to resign but then went to you for help in releasing the hostages from Iran? It has been a long-standing policy that there be *no* direct contact between any member of the US government and the PLO.

ARAFAT: There was a special and permanent contact between me and President Carter. I have written documents from President Carter himself. And I dealt with Ambassador [*Landrum*] Bolling. You can discuss this with President Carter and his former ambassador in Beirut.

PLAYBOY: If you have been of such help, why has this never been acknowledged?

ARAFAT: This is the shameful treatment of us by the American administrations, I am sorry to say. Even now, they—not only the Americans but others—are asking me for help to free their hostages in Beirut. I am trying to do my best. For me, it is a matter of principle. And many have been released according to my efforts.

PLAYBOY: Do you claim that there were other instances, as well?

ARAFAT: Yes. Do you remember the military operation to attempt to free the hostages from Iran?

PLAYBOY: Yes. The failed helicopter raid known as Desert One.

ARAFAT: It was I who sent Archbishop Capucci to arrange for the return of the bodies of the soldiers killed in the desert. [*Hilarion Capucci, the Greek Catholic archbishop of East Jerusalem, was convicted in 1974 of smuggling arms into the Holy City for the Palestinians. He served three years in an Israeli prison and was released after a personal appeal by Pope Paul to Israeli authorities —Ed.*] We have the documents to prove this, and the pictures.

PLAYBOY: Anything else?

ARAFAT: In 1976, Kissinger also contacted the Egyptians with an official State Department request to provide the American embassy with protection. And there was direct contact between the American ambassador and the late Colonel Saed Sayel, our chief of staff, and Colonel Abu Homeid. They asked for protection of the embassy by our fighters.

PLAYBOY: If all of that is true, why haven't you made it public earlier—if only to demonstrate US hypocrisy in its dealings with you?

ARAFAT: Some of it has been reported in our region. You in America do not have all this information because there is a complete blackout against the Palestinians. This is the dirty role of the Israeli lobby and their activities in the American mass media.

PLAYBOY: Do you really believe that the Israeli lobby is strong enough to block press coverage of that kind?

ARAFAT: According to what Kissinger is saying, they are strong; according to what Shultz is saying, they are strong. I'm sure, however, not only that it is the Israeli lobby in the United States but that a decision has been made in the American administration. Let me give you an example. During the civil war in Lebanon by Israel, I personally guaranteed the safety of the Jews living in west Beirut. Lebanese Jews—I gave them my personal guards' protection. And where was it acknowledged? Not by the Israelis.

PLAYBOY: They may claim that your guards held those Lebanese Jews hostages.

ARAFAT: No, not even the Israelis would say that! That would be a fatal mistake and they know it. I have papers and correspondence to prove that they were free to go anywhere. Some left and some stayed. We have very important statements from the rabbis thanking us for our help. This has been published in our area but not in the American media, which even now, despite recent sympathy for the Palestinians, are under pressure from the Israeli lobby.

PLAYBOY: You've mentioned past American administrations with which you had secret dealings. What about the Reagan administration? Any direct contacts?

One of Reagan's closest friends said he wanted the PLO to use its influence to delay the release of the American hostages in Tehran.

ARAFAT: [*UN Ambassador Vernon*] Walters met in Morocco with two members of our Central Committee. Before the uprising.

[*During follow-up queries in May 1988 to ensure accuracy of dates and to correct any possible errors in transcription, the following conversation took place between Playboy and PLO representative Bassam Abu Sharif, Chairman Arafat's chief adviser, interpreter for this interview and PLO spokesman.*]

PLAYBOY: We were struck by Chairman Arafat's assertion that Vernon Walters met with the PLO in Morocco, especially since the Reagan administration has been so vocal about avoiding any contacts with your group. Were there any other contacts in the past between the Reagan administration and the PLO?

ABU SHARIF: During the first campaign, the Reagan people contacted me.

PLAYBOY: During the 1980 campaign, when he was running against Carter?

ABU SHARIF: Yes. One of Reagan's closest friends — I will not name him now — and a major financial contributor to the campaign. He was on Reagan's campaign staff.

PLAYBOY: You personally spoke with him?

ABU SHARIF: Yes. He was close to Reagan; he kept referring to him as Ronnie during the meeting.

PLAYBOY: You met with him?

ABU SHARIF: Yes, we met in Beirut. He said he wanted the PLO to use its influence to delay the release of the American hostages from the embassy in Tehran until after the election was over.

PLAYBOY: That is difficult to believe. If true, the implications are disturbing. Can you substantiate that?

ABU SHARIF: It is true, there is no question. They asked that I contact the chairman and make the request. We have the proof if it is denied. And they said they would deny it if it ever became public. I hope it does, because I would like to drop the bombshell on them.

PLAYBOY: What kind of evidence do you have?

ABU SHARIF: Real evidence. And I personally assure you that if the Reagan administration denies what I have said, we will turn this evidence over to you.

PLAYBOY: Let's make sure we have this clear: during the 1980 campaign, there were rumours that President Carter might have an October surprise — the release of the hostages — in store. You're saying that around that time someone from the Reagan camp actually asked Arafat to do what he could to make sure the hostages were *not* set free until after the election?

ABU SHARIF: Yes.

PLAYBOY: What did Chairman Arafat say?

ABU SHARIF: I told the chairman of the request. He didn't comment, he didn't say anything.

PLAYBOY: Did you do anything further?

ABU SHARIF: I passed on the request and that was the end of my part.

PLAYBOY: What promises were made to the PLO by this Reagan representative if hostages were held beyond the election?

ABU SHARIF: We were told that if the hostages were held, the PLO would be given recognition as the legitimate representative of the Palestinian people and the White House door would be open for us.

PLAYBOY: The hostages were released minutes after Reagan took over office in 1980. You say you don't know what became of the request, but if anything was done, obviously no promise regarding recognition of the PLO was kept.

ABU SHARIF: Throughout our history, the American government has always been hypocritical. They always promise us the same thing for our help and they never fulfil the promise.

[*The interview with Arafat resumes.*]

PLAYBOY: Mr Chairman, during this uprising in the West Bank, have the Israelis attempted any direct contact with you?

ARAFAT: No. The current Israeli administration is racist. It follows a policy that is not only harmful to the Palestinians, it is also harmful to the Israelis themselves. Our offers

(continued on page 110)

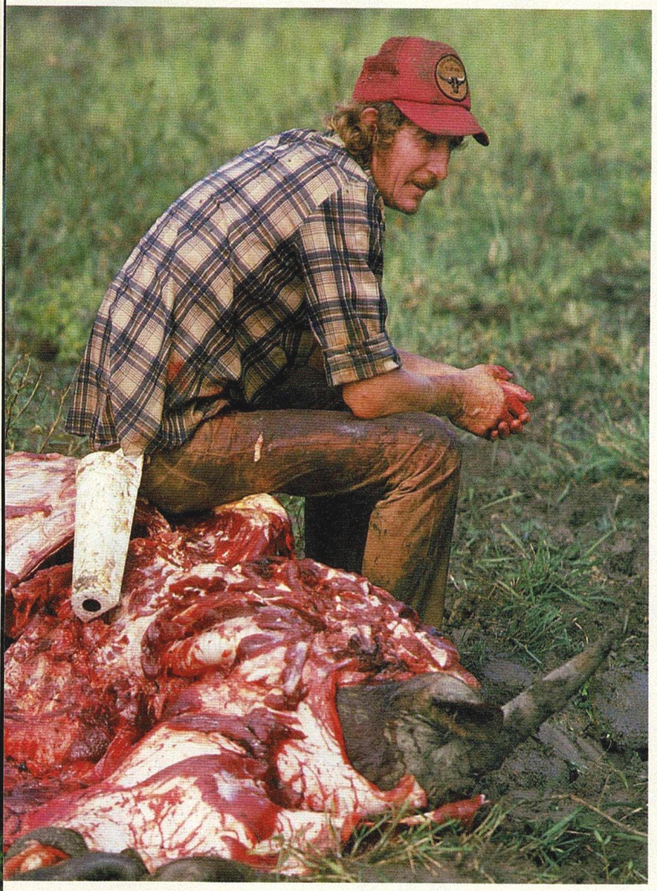
THE NORTHERN TERRITORY'S INFAMOUS WILD BUFFALO HERDS ARE BEING ERADICATED. BUT WHEN THE BUFFALO FADE INTO HISTORY, SO TOO WILL A CRAZY, FRONTIER WAY OF LIFE. DAVID HANCOCK REPORTS.

THE LAST BUFFALO ROUND-UP

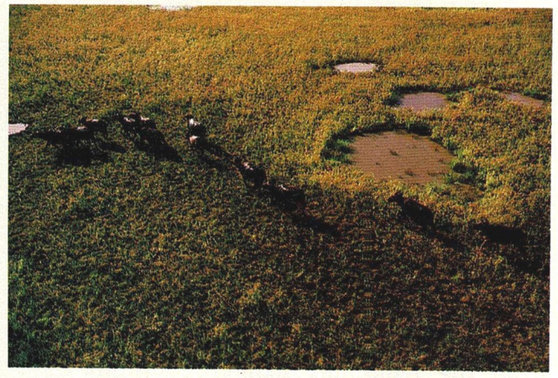
A BELL 47 helicopter flew in low over the Top End flood plain, its skids only metres from the pandanus palms, its rotors drumming an eerie beat in the thin morning mist. In the right-hand seat rode Brian Walsh, chief wildlife ranger

The buffalo is pushed into a trap by cut-off 4WD vehicles.

A helicopter drives the buffalo into a hessian-sided trap.



Turning a buffalo into pet meat is tiring work!



Wild buffalo create "wallows" in the flooded Top End plain.

A deadly task: cleaning up feral animals at Mary River.

of the Northern Territory Conservation Commission. He carried an M-14 carbine. At his feet lay a spare rifle, and a tray of magazines containing hard-nosed bullets.

His quarry, a herd of 10 buffalo, bolted the moment they heard the chopper, churning up great wads of mud as they lumbered across the watery, wet-season plain. The chopper pilot caught the animals in the open, wheeling them before they could gain the high ground and safety of trees.

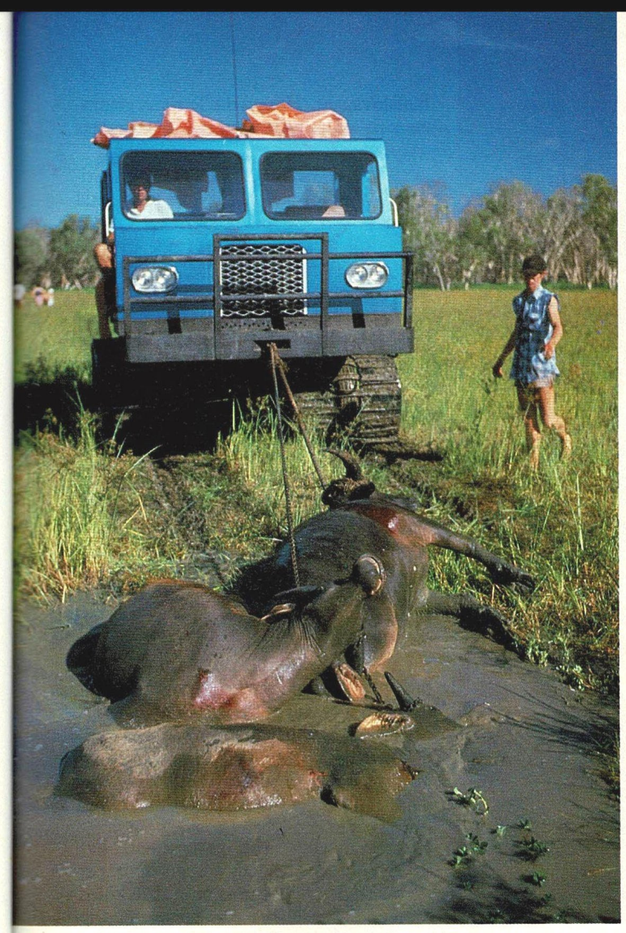
Then Brian Walsh began his deadly task. With the skill of a man who does not like killing and only wishes to perform as quick a job as possible, Brian Walsh picked off the trailing buffalo with a clean head shot that brought the animal crashing to the ground. He moved further up the line, delivering a heart-lung shot when he could not make an instant kill. Such a shot brings the hulking animal down, enabling the *coup de grace* to be delivered immediately.

Within minutes 10 buffalo lay dead. The helicopter flew back over their carcasses and Brian Walsh snapped off a head shot in each, to make sure the kill was complete.

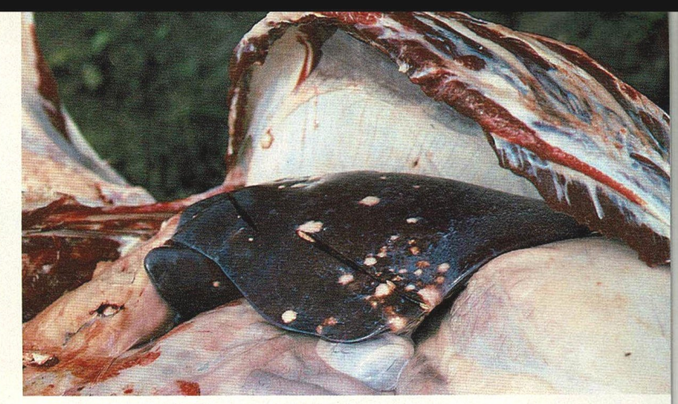
The chopper circled the area twice and flew off to look for more prey.

The scene was the Mary River Flora and Fauna Reserve, only 100 kilometres west of Darwin. It was an act which has been played out in the Top End repeatedly in recent years and which saw more than 25,000 wild buffalo shot last year. Brian Walsh and other Conservation Commission rangers had the task of cleaning up the feral animals on the Mary River reserve. This meant shooting several hundred buffalo, horses and pigs.

Elsewhere in the Top End, rangers and stock inspectors are killing buffalo as part of the nation-wide BTEC (Brucellosis and Tuberculosis Eradication Campaign). The animals are killed only when they are considered unmusterable and potential carriers of the diseases. In the past three years more



After the kill, buffalo can be recycled — as pet meat.



Spots on the buffalo's liver indicate tuberculosis.

Not a pretty sight, but the pets will be pleased!

The meatworkers move in as soon as the rangers finish.

Another suspected TB or brucellosis carrier hits the dust.

than 100,000 buffalo have been mustered for the abattoirs or shot as part of the destocking program under BTEC. More than $50 million has been spent on the program in the Top End, and over $800 million nationally.

The ultimate aim is to wipe out the two diseases which threaten Australian beef exports. For the buffalo it means domestication in a controlled environment behind electrified wire fences, or death. And it means the end of an era for the Northern Territory.

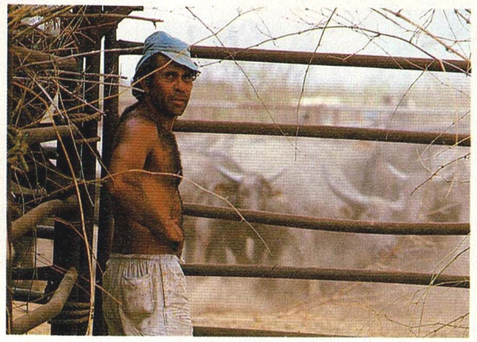
While most Australians celebrate the Bicentenary, 1988 has seen the last significant muster of wild buffalo in the Top End and the demise of an industry which has sustained the wildest of Wild West characters. For more than 100 years, the buffalo industry has attracted men of strength, colour and sheer guts. They have trapped and handled this dangerous animal, harvesting the nation's most cost-effective primary industry.

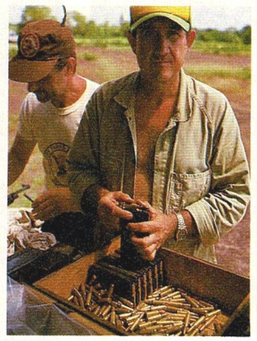
Today's herds of wild water buffalo are a relic of the failed Port Essington colony, founded in 1838 on the Coburg Peninsula. Buffalo and cattle were sent from Timor to enable colonists, despatched by the NSW government, to work the fields and to provide food. When Port Essington was abandoned in 1849 the buffaloes were released and multiplied rapidly until, it was estimated in 1985, more than 300,000 roamed the Top End.

The killing of buffalo for their hides started in the 1880s and continued until 1956. Men like Joe Cooper, Paddy Cahill, Cecil Freer, Fred and Harry Hardy, and Tom Cole were some of the first professional buffalo shooters. In those days hides were used for industrial purposes, such as making belts for machinery. The meat was generally left to rot on the plains.

The early hide shooters were superb horsemen, galloping their steed close to a buffalo and disabling it with a shot to the

At Koolpinyah Station, NT, buffalo are mustered for tuberculosis testing.





Catch 'em or kill 'em? It's still the end of a way of life.

spine. Many a horse was gored and several shooters were killed by charging buffalo. The shooters made little impact on the massive herds which seethed across the Top End flood plains, even though many of them claimed to have killed more than 20,000 beasts apiece.

During World War II commercial buffalo shooting ceased and the animals multiplied rapidly. After the war the bottom dropped out of the hide market when manufacturers turned to synthetic materials. In the 1960s hunters began shooting for the pet and game meat markets. In 1976 the export meat industry opened up, and musterers who caught the buffalo live and shipped them to the abattoirs had a field day. The industry grew until it was worth $10 million a year. Because the demand for the lean, gamey buffalo meat in Europe is strong, prices being paid for healthy animals are high.

Men such as Kal Carrick muster buffalo with cut-down bull catchers, four-wheel-drive buggies strengthened with bull-bars which also give them protection from stiletto-like horns. Carrick, an expert buffalo catcher, invented the "bionic arm", a steel mechanical arm at the front of the vehicle which loops around a buffalo's neck and secures the animal so it can be walked to captivity. He also hires helicopters to muster the animals and drive them into mobile stockyards.

But after 15 years in the game, 12 as a musterer, he can see the writing on the wall for the industry and is critical of the wastage of the BTEC program. Like many catchers and pastoralists, Kal Carrick believes shooting buffalo and leaving their carcasses to rot is nothing short of criminal. "The BTEC program is a disgrace and a waste," he says. "Buffalo have been a primary industry in the Northern Territory since before the end of the century. There has been no input, the buffalo have been self-sustaining. It was the perfect animal, all it needed was to be left alone and you've got an industry, a bloody goldmine. Killing them and leaving them to rot is like throwing nuggets of gold into the deepest part of the sea."

The deadline for the eradication of wild buffalo is 1992. The thrust of the campaign is mainly economic and imposed by the American government, which has demanded all meat imports be as free of disease as their home-grown product.

TB and brucellosis have been eradicated in southern Australia and as far north as Alice Springs, but it is the feral cattle and buffalo of the north which pose the biggest threat to spreading the disease. As a result of the destocking program, buffalo numbers are dropping sharply and Mr Bob Bright, the operator of Meneling Abattoir, at Batchelor, 80 kilometres south of Darwin, says his abattoir was able to kill only 60 per cent of its capacity last season because there were so few buffalo caught. He says the Territory government risked losing important export markets during the transition to domestication.

"It's a very big market and could be cultivated into a very lucrative market if we could guarantee supplies, but of course we can't do that at the moment," he claims.

"I can see by 1989, or 1990 at the latest, the feral animals will be finished and at the rate we are putting them behind wire, or domesticating them, it's going to be up into the 1990s before we get enough animals to meet the demand. I don't think we are ever going to get the numbers back up again to get back the markets we are going to lose. Those markets will go to other countries."

Dr Bill Sykes, the principal veterinary officer for BTEC in the Northern Territory, paints a different picture. "We don't want to eradicate buffalo. We only want to eradicate TB and brucellosis. We prefer them to be caught and put behind wire and tested. If they can't be caught and put behind wire, we like them to be sent to the abattoirs. If that's not possible we like them to be shot and 'pet-meated'. The last resort is, if none of that is possible, they will be shot and left to waste."

Dr Sykes says the campaign has been given no alternative but to leave rotting carcasses in areas where incidence of the disease is high, and it's not physically possible to put musterers in and truck the stock out.

More recently the government has encouraged, and helped, workers in the pet meat industry with access to buffalo killed out on the plains. These contractors can strip a buffalo carcass of all its prime meat in a matter of minutes. The meat is sold on the local pet meat market, sent interstate or exported overseas to Japanese lion parks.

"We have shot quite a large number, we acknowledge that," Dr Sykes says. "It might be in excess of 40,000 but there are still some large herds in disease-free areas, such as the Bullman region in south-eastern Arnhem Land, which will be left."

It's estimated there are between 10 and 12,000 buffalo already behind wire. Some are so domesticated they can be mustered on foot, just as southern dairy farmers lead their cows at milking time.

There are other positive spin-offs of the program. The Top End environment has had a chance to recover after decades of being flattened and cut up by buffalo herds. The flood plains of Kakadu National Park, in particular, have been rejuvenated. Other areas, such as the Mary River Fauna And Flora Reserve, will have a chance to recover from buffalo damage.

But what will happen to the fearless, hard buffalo hunters who carved out a reputation for the Northern Territory as the last frontier?

"In the process of evolution dinosaurs die out," Bill Sykes says. "The last frontier is being tamed. It will be different and some people will miss it, but other species will emerge."

"What's the Japanese word for 'enchilada'?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY OTTO R. WEISSER

THE NEW emmanuelle

The lovely Nathalie Uher

lands the role which will

establish her as the sex

queen of the cinema

Emmanuelle: the name is synonymous with everything that's sexy and erotic about modern cinema. Based on a series of distinctly blue novels by Emmanuelle Arsan, the movies have created possibly the hottest and horniest character to ever grace the silver screen. And such have been their world-wide success that they've made stars of Sylvia Kristel and Mia Nygren, two of the three Emmanuelles we've seen in the five films to date.

So now it's time for Emmanuelle Mark 4 (the sex-pot, that is) in *Emmanuelle VI*, the soft-core porn movie. And who is the lucky girl chosen for the role which is more or less the chance of a lifetime to become an international star? None other than Nathalie Uher, who began her career at 15 as German Playmate of the Month for September 1984 (the youngest Playmate ever, incidentally).

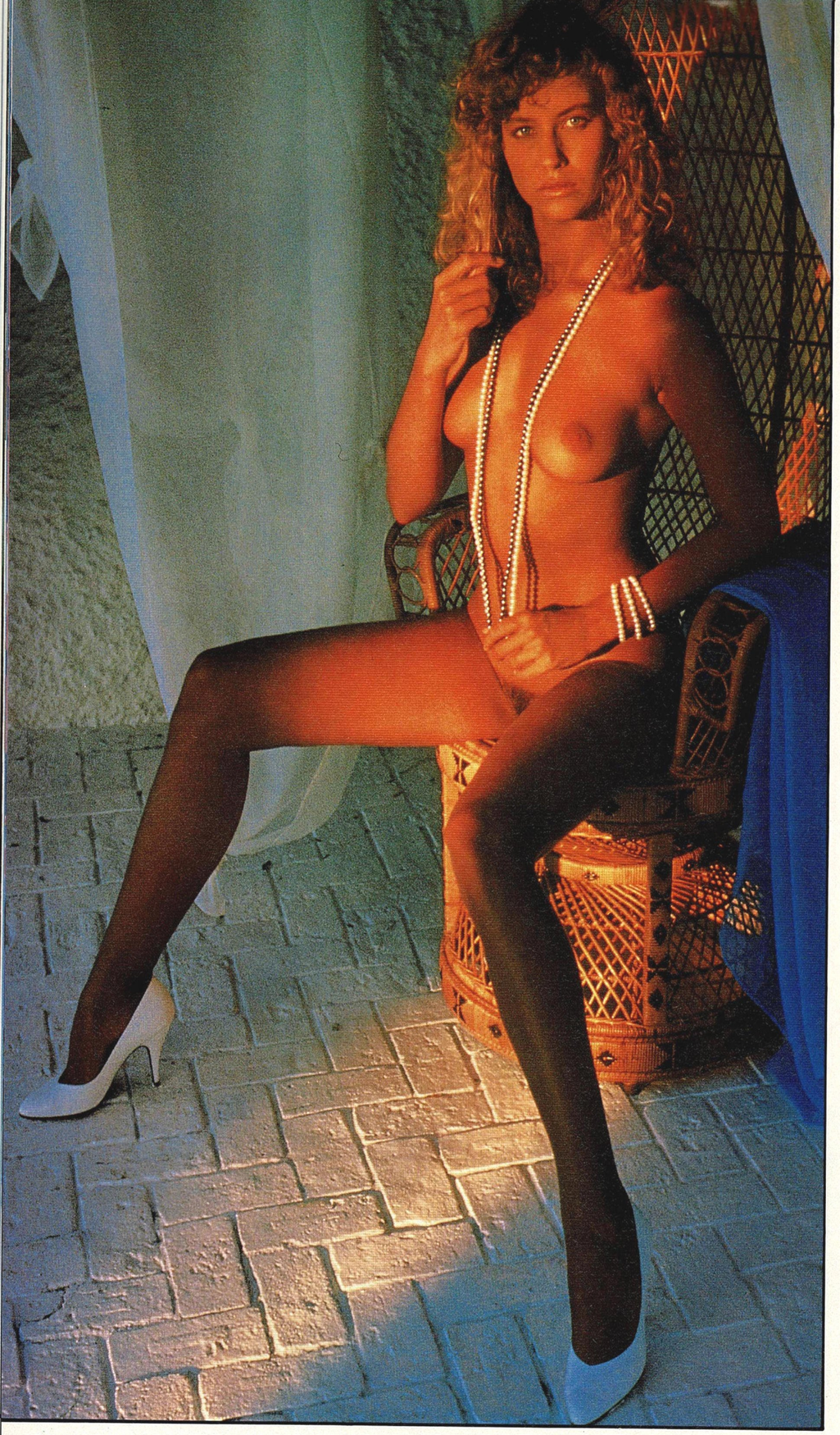
Nathalie says she got the role through the good offices of *Playboy* photographer Otto R. Weisser, who was asked by *Emmanuelle* producer Alain Siritsky if he knew a girl worthy of the name. Weisser thought immediately of Nathalie and called her in Zurich early next morning. She jumped on the next plane and three hours later she was being shown into Siritsky's office. Thirty seconds more and she had the part. Siritsky took one look at her and said: "She's you. Nobody else... You!"

So Nathalie, 20 years old, becomes the fourth girl to occupy the famous wicker armchair. Once again the plot is set in a typically exotic location, the tropical rainforest of Venezuela, but this time Emmanuelle is a top model in charge of the fashion shows on board a cruise ship. The girls are invited to the hacienda of a rich landbaron, but he's attacked by bandits and the girls are carried off into the jungle.

It turns out that the bandits want to sell them as slaves — slaves of love, naturally! Nathalie was asked about the many erotic scenes she performs in and her reactions to them. She pondered for some time: "The scene I really enjoyed was when I was almost naked, apart from a T-shirt, under a waterfall, giving up my body to the water, and the sun — and to Thomas, my partner!"

She hesitates again: "With Thomas... Let us say with the man of my dreams... I have a fantasy about making love against the side of a jeep in the jungle under cover of twilight, with all the sounds of nature around..."

What about difficult scenes? "Well," says Nathalie, "when I was making love to the native girl Tamira we were so ill at ease with each other. I have never made love to a girl before. And then again, there's a scene in which I make love in the engine room with this superbly muscled mechanic — all the other guys went absolutely bonkers..."



Nathalie herself looks for honesty and fidelity in a man. "He's got to be interesting though," she insists. "Looks play very little part in it." And when she finds him, she declares emphatically, she'll be true herself. For that reason he need have no worries about the many erotic scenes which go to make up *Emmanuelle VI*.

Nathalie sees Emmanuelle as a sensual woman who takes pleasure in love. How did she get on with the director Bruno Zincone? "Bruno was great," she says. "He let me have my head when I wanted it — particularly in the waterfall scene when I was anxious to do it my way."

The future looks bright for Nathalie. She's been deluged with offers from all sides and of course she's in great demand for publicity and promotion. There are also several scripts in the pipeline. "I liked the script of *Emmanuelle VI* a great deal, so I know what I'm looking for. I hope that lots of men will like me in the role."

Judging by the impression Nathalie's been making on men since that first appearance at 15 in *Playboy* we think we can guarantee she'll have the same effect now she's playing the sex queen of the cinema.

male RITES OF PASSAGE

Remember that first agonising kick in the nuts? Remember the shame of that first unwanted erection? They're all part of the painful process which turns boys into men. Writer SIMON DE SALIS documents the ten most awful lowlights of male adolescence.

SO YOU LIKE to remember your teens as the best years of your life? One long *Porky's* movie of reckless roaming, radical raging and rampant rooting? Bullshit!

What about the parents, teachers and bosses who tried so hard to make you hate life as much as they did? Fascist bastards, weren't they? And peer groups? Shit, they made the Ku Klux Klan look like the Salvos, didn't they? Remember the spunky women who rejected you? Crushing, wasn't it? And the ugly girls who knocked you back? Shattered your ego like a grenade in a glass shop, didn't they? What about the even uglier ones who did sleep with you? Haunted you, didn't they?

Come on, admit it, becoming a man wasn't what it's cracked up to be. But look at it this way: attaining manhood in most cultures involves a ritual of pain and hardship — circumcision with a blunt shell or hanging by your nipples from a tree and so on — shared by each generation. So it is with us; we all have to survive the same 10 rites of passage. Remember these?

GETTING KICKED IN THE NUTS

So women think a little of the PMTs is enough to make them kill somebody (and get away with it). Ha! A solid blow to the balls is like every period pain the average woman experiences during her entire reproductive life rolled into one.

The first big knock to the knackers after they drop is probably the worst. Until then you've been under the naive delusion that a Chinese burn from Weasel Webster is the most excruciating pain life has in store for you. Then that boot/cricket ball/hockey stick slams home and you find yourself locked tight in the foetal position, unable to breathe, speak or move. It feels as if someone has split your groin with a red-hot meat cleaver and poured in a few litres of molten lead. You don't care if you'll never have kids — living is first priority, with walking again a close second. You remember the legend of Wee Willy One-ball, a kid in your class who was reputedly kicked so hard in the family jewels one of them disappeared beneath his pelvis and was never seen again.

When they finally prise your knees from your chest you grab your scrotum and carefully count the contents. Present, but are they still correct? You hope you're married before you find out.

MASTURBATION GUILT

Guilt is brainwashed, bashed and nagged into all human beings, and is a very effective method of social control. Most people do not shit in public, rape children or steal from pensioners, no matter how much they feel like it. Masturbation is another matter — not even burn-in-hell-impaled-on-a-meathook Catholic guilt will stop teenage males from wacking the weasel. That's because guilt-controlled offences like theft and rape involve other people, whereas twanging the wire is between you and your willy and he's not telling or objecting. But neither does flogging the hog stop the guilt; it's burned deep in the male psyche by churches, mothers and power-mad peer groups whose worst condemnations are "wanker, wacker, jerker and puller".

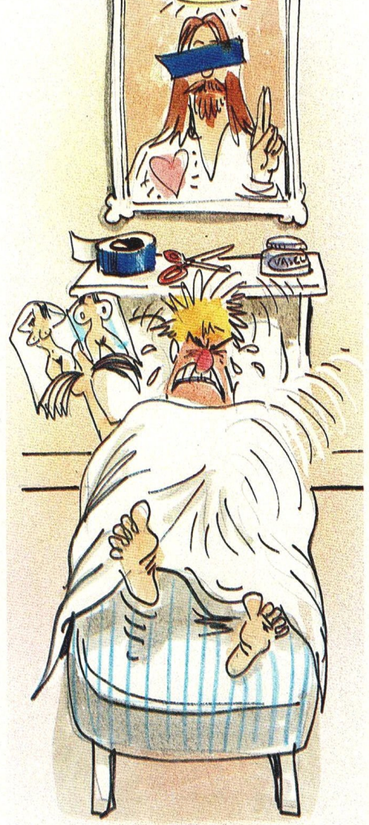
Nobody knows where the urge to tug the slug comes from, but the ol' trouser snake receives the signals like a high-powered ABC antenna. Bestial desire overpowers guilt and kicks it clean out of the conscience, where it remains, angry and ignored, for the duration of the meat massage. But in the hollow, sticky aftermath, guilt smashes its way back inside and pours buckets of foul self-disgust over the embers of your lust. You feel lower than a sewer rat's belly and dirtier than the contents of a septic tank. No wonder they call it self-abuse.

UNWANTED ERECTIONS

During your early to mid-teens the unplanned stiffie strikes more often than a town clock and with all the decorum, sensitivity and timing of an Irish terrorist. Perhaps you're crouched on a starting block at the inter-high swimming carnival, about to dive in for your heat of the 100m free-style, or in your pyjamas, about to kiss a room full of relatives good night; the more unwelcome the pink pencil is, the more likely he is to rear his ugly head.

His regular hangouts are your bed every morning and any type of motor vehicle. The bed is only a problem when your mother rips the sheets off to get you up, but the teak-hard travel fat is always uncomfortable and embarrassing. You're invariably sitting close to someone — it could be your football coach or grandmother.

You try to think limp, mentally reciting Greg Chappell's career statistics, or picturing the goriest scenes from the latest road safety film. No go. You sneak a hand into your pocket and with a sly, practised and almost imperceptible ritual you untangle the little mongrel from the elastic in your undies, hoping nobody noticed and praying that you aren't alotted a lifetime maximum of hard-ons cos yours'll be used up before you get to do any serious rooting.



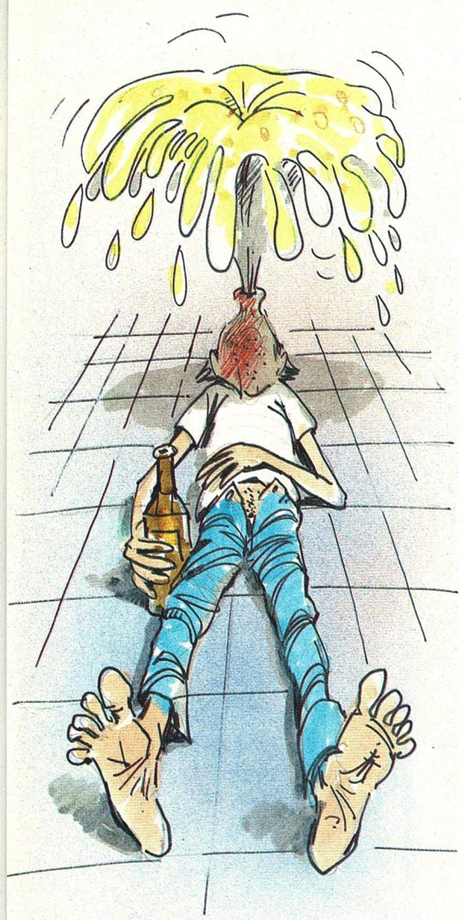
PIMPLES

Zits are a cruel and callous trick of Mother Nature, punishing teens for taking her great gift of youth for granted. Why else would she put them on your face instead of your feet or kneecap? Whether you have a complexion like a Mexican pizza, a handful of regulars chasing each other around your face, or just the odd couple, nothing causes more anguish, frustration and self-consciousness.

Somehow, pimples look 10 times their actual size when viewed in a mirror, and are like relatives: they arrive when they're least welcome and hang around for ages. If you've got a heavy date you'll wake up with an active volcano rising above your top lip. If you have your photo taken, Ayers Rock appears in the middle of your chin; if you're out to impress a girl, a relief map of the Hawaiian Islands materialises on each cheek.

You try strangling the shit out of them, but while splattering the bathroom mirror might relieve your frustration, it often hurts and always leaves a sore just as unsightly and twice the size of the zit. Despite a range of lotions purporting enough magic ingredients to turn the entire House of Windsor into frogs there is no remedy except advanced age. Your last pimple often coincides with the first time you have difficulty sustaining an erection: Mother Nature's punishment for squandering her great gift of youth.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL LEAK

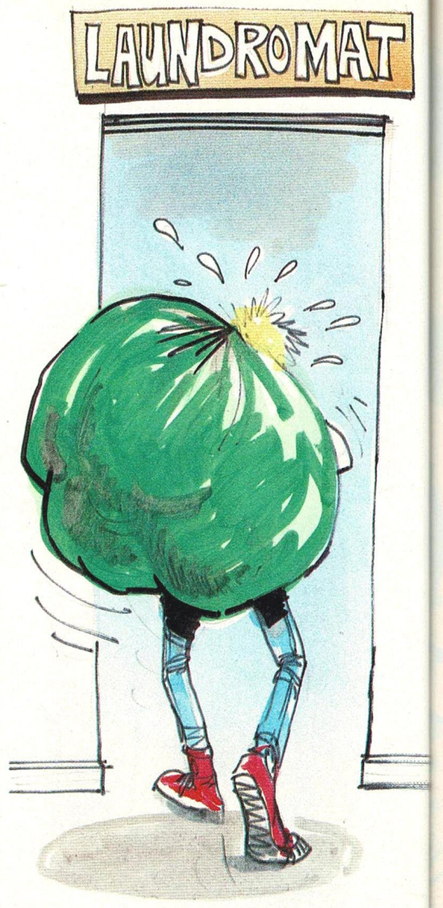


FIRST HEAVY-DUTY HANGOVER

The pain starts before you even open your eyes — in fact the pain woke you up. You were dreaming of a dentist putting a drill the size of a jackhammer through your upper jaw and into your brain, and when you snapped out of your nightmare, the agony remained.

Light stabs in through your retina like white-hot knitting needles; you wrench down your eyelids, and the pain dulls a little, but before you can be grateful you realise just how sick you feel. This is merciless nazi nausea; it blitzes every bone, blood cell, tissue and pore. Then the throbbing begins, as if your brain's expanding and contracting and your skull's three sizes too small. And noise! Every sound shatters on your ear drums and reverberates around your head like a bottle smashed in an echo chamber.

You try to go back to sleep, but there's no escape or relief, so you get up. Each movement sends a brick crashing from one side of your cranium to the other, and the nausea rises with you, along with the contents of your stomach. You clamp a hand over your mouth and lurch for the toilet, each step jarring horribly. You're violently ill, and spend the rest of the day wishing you were dead and vowing, for the first of several hundred times, never again.



BEING REALLY, REALLY DRUNK

The world around you resembles a badly ghosting television picture on a set with no horizontal hold. You try to say you're going for a piss but it comes out as "mgnfrapssh" and everybody laughs at you. Everything sways and bucks on the way there, even the walls you try to steady yourself on, and you fall over six times in 10 metres. You manage to undo your fly and syphon the python, unaware that your dick didn't make it out of your jockettes and the whole litre has gone down the inside leg of your Levi's. You half-stumble, half-crawl back to the gang and collapse in a sorry, smelly heap. When your eyes close the inside of your head spins faster than a turbo-charged Gee Whizzer, so you force them open and the first thing you see is your best mate and the girl you got drunk to impress entangled like mating octopi. He's got two tongues down her throat and four hands up her blouse and you resolve to kill them both. Instead you vomit until you dry-heave, and pass out with your head resting in the middle of your chunder.

Later on somebody dumps you in a reeking coma on your front doorstep, rings the bell, and runs. You spend months unsuccessfully trying to convince your parents that it was food poisoning, and if it wasn't food poisoning, then "somebody spiked my coke, so help me God".

LOSING YOUR VIRGINITY

After hours of groping in the dark, including a 10-round wrestling match with her bra catch and a series of hand-to-hand skirmishes at the border of her panties, she stops resisting and begins to breathe like a steam locomotive. Your free hand scurries to undo your jeans, spurred not by demented desire, but the frantic fear of her eyes snapping open in terror and her legs slamming shut like fortress doors.

Your dick's been hard ever since the first pash several hours ago and springs out like the bull who's finally pushed down the gate between him and the cows. You fumble into first fuck position — a random position determined entirely by the size of the car, the lie of the land, or the number of obstacles in the room — and lunge.

Two strokes later it's all over, and all over everything. You remembered to pull out, but your timing was way out, leaving millions of tadpoles battling toward her uterus like salmon up a wild Canadian river, hell-bent on ruining your young lives, and millions more hell-bent on ruining your clothes.

Never mind that; you've done it at last, and there's one less lie you have to live. Now all you have to bullshit to your mates about is the frequency, duration, and how much she liked it.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL LEAK

THE MORNING AFTER SCREWING YOURSELF SILLY FOR THE FIRST TIME

Apart from brief time-outs between ejaculations — which were fairly infrequent after the first half dozen — you were on the nest the whole night long. You wake up feeling like you tossed steers all evening, but then you notice the warmth of the silken-skinned, firm-fleshed body draped around you, breathing softly in your ear, perfumed with the heady scent of last night's passion. You remember the wonderful new sensations, how she writhed and moaned... YOUCH!

Your love muscle flexes, and it's agonisingly apparent that you wore several square centimetres of skin off him during the night. The brainless, bald-headed, one-eyed little bastard is oblivious to your pain, however; all he wants is pussy, and there's some just a glans away. He zooms in like a heat-seeking missile, and before you can protest you're humping away like a rutting goat. The love juices have the same effect on your maimed organ as battery acid, but you grind on in a torturous, bestial frenzy, wondering if this means that (a) you're a masochist, (b) you're in love, or (c) you'll end up with callouses on your dick.

FIRST BROKEN HEART

All your heaviest, nastiest, bad-arse moods and emotions gang up — jealousy, anger, hatred, self-pity and gloom are a few of the ring-leaders — and rampage through your heart like bikies at Bathurst, stomping your senses and pack-raping your feelings. You alternate between wimpish self-pity and blind aggression, one minute telling sob stories about what a bitch she was to any sucker who'll listen, the next minute picking a fight with them for suggesting you're better off without her.

Nothing helps. Crying just gives you sore eyes and makes you hate yourself for being a wimp, fighting gets you beaten up, and drinking just makes you cry and fight. Hacking up and setting fire to all your photos of *her* burns your fingers when you try to put the fire out; turfing out the memorabilia or gifts leaves you wading waist deep in garbage at the dump trying to find them. Kicking dogs or swearing at old ladies makes you feel guilty.

You fantasise to the point of delirium, singlehandedly winning civil wars, Test matches, or VFL grand finals in your head in order to either win her back or make her want you again so you can tell her to piss off. A broken heart lasts for weeks, even months, and is the first real test of a person's sanity; if you can get through it without killing yourself and/or her and/or *him* you can survive anything. Until marriage, mortgages and mother-in-law come along, that is.

BEING HOPELESSLY IN LOVE FOR THE FIRST TIME

The teen Cupid is not a cute, chubby cherub with a bow, shooting love arrows into young hearts, but a sneering juvenile delinquent with a flick knife, tin-toed boots, and a mean streak as wide as the Nullarbor. Once he's chosen the worst possible target for your infatuation, he slices open your heart and shoots you up with lovesickness. Then for good measure he kicks the crap out of what little self-respect and common sense you might have had. Nothing is more foolish or pathetic than the lovesick adolescent, humming Air Supply tunes and mooning around like a cross between a drug addict and a born-again Christian.

Like VD, lovesickness does not discriminate between victims. You can be King Salami the Ladykiller or Nigel the Nerd, it makes no difference, once you're infected you'll show the same classic symptoms. If she's 100 metres away, you'll gaze stupefied for hours, dribbling like a baby; if you're actually on speaking terms you'll follow her around like a lost puppy; when she's out of sight you fantasise about risking your life to rescue her from burning buildings and bikie gangs.

You're a laughing stock among your friends, but you don't notice; you wouldn't notice if a herd of elephants was stampeding towards you. With Linda Blair wiping out the last of the exorcists, the only cures are a broken heart or death (sometimes both are preferred).

You wouldn't go through any of that again, would you? Well, maybe the all-night sex with teenage girls. And excessive erections could be put to good use too... hmmm, maybe they *were* the best years of our lives...

SO YOU WANT TO BE A ~~RIGHTER~~ WRITER

You don't have to be mad to be an author, but it helps. The eminent author BOB, er sorry, ROBERT G. BARRETT, creator of the internationally acclaimed Sydney character Les Norton, writes about aspects of his craft which send him mad.

SO THERE I was, sitting outside my humble digs at Terrigal, listening to my stomach rumbling and wondering why, even though I was an established Australian author with three best sellers out that had sold 10,000 copies in Europe and had written feature articles for some of the best magazines in Australia, I was back on the dole and still driving a $400 car from the wreckers.

I was always under the impression authors lived a jet-setting, romantic lifestyle and gained respect and admiration from all members of the community. I'll bet Sydney Sheldon isn't on the jam-roll and driving an old banger. Harold Robbins is married to an ex-Miss World and lives on a luxury cruiser in Monte Carlo. Even Coleen McCullough owns a huge home on Norfolk Island and drinks Chivas Regal by the case. They're all millionaires.

But the esteemed Robert G. Barrett? I'm flat-out keeping the payments up on a weekender on the senile coast and I live a lifestyle equivalent to someone changing tyres at a bus-depot in Calcutta. Yet all my mates think

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

I'm rich, got sheilas hurling pussy at me like javelins and I drive an old bomb for taxation purposes. Hah!

Which is probably why I get people coming up to see me all the time, telling me they're going to write a book. Surfies, bikies, advertising people, musicians. Ex-cons, coppers, drug dealers, housewives, pimply-faced wombats just out of school. All types. And they all want to get in on the "awthering" rort. So, even though I don't really know where to start, I thought I'd try and put this thing together so any budding Frederick Forsyths or Jackie Collinses out there will know just what to expect, writing in Australia.

In essence, the literary scene in Australia is one monstrous great wank. You reckon you've met some drop kicks? Write a book, get it published, sell the rights for a movie and you'll meet drop kicks in technicolour, cinemascope and stereophonic sound, their heads that far up their arses, they're watching TV through their ribs. They'll rob you blind and use you up and they've got egos bigger than the left tit on the Statue Of Liberty. I'm convinced, if you took a sandwich into some publishers' offices they'd take the filling, scrape off the butter and leave you with the dry bread. And the average Australian film producer would dump on your head and tell you it's snowing, then act as if they're doing you a favour by dumping on you. And before the crap had a chance to dry your publisher would be in wanting 10 percent of what the flies hadn't eaten off your face.

As a profession, writing in Oz is more like a sideline, or something else to do instead of filling out the crossword-puzzle in the *Tele* when you're sitting on the brascoe.

Let's have a look at the wanking side of it. Snobbery and elitism abound among authors and publishers in this country. There's writers in Australia flat-out selling 2000 books a year, yet they live quite comfortably on handouts from the Arts Council or literary grants: a glorified writer's dole. They've got their little airy-fairy friends in the Arts Council wine-and-cheese set and they write the kind of Double Bay coffee shop crud these people like. They receive grant after grant to pen this shit so literary elitists can gush over it in front of the fire with their King Island brie and chardonnay and read things into it that the serfs can't. And while these fat-arsed Wallys and Wallerinas are hogging all the chops, up-and-coming writers with a bit more in their balls and ovaries than flat lemonade are being forced to give the game away.

In my opinion, you should, if you merit it, receive one grant. If you can't hack it after that, piss your typewriter off and get a job driving a cab or working in a paint factory out at Toongabbie.

I applied for and received a literary grant of $8500, only because a mate of mine's wife used to work in the department and told me how to word the application form. If I'd said I needed the money to write a book about three young hoods from Maroubra who con a crooked horse trainer into doping a horse for them so they can back it, they would have told me to go shit in my hat. Instead, I had to word it thus:

This story involves the relationship between three young unemployed men, forced to re-evaluate their ideals and levels of consciousness and form a tri-lateral basis of social awareness incorporating a structural diagram of each individual's personality, as inexorably each is sucked into a vortex of deceit and chicanery involving corrupt elements in the Australian racing industry in a very old part of Sydney.

Don't ask me what all that means 'cause I haven't got a clue, but all I know is eight and a half gorillas fell in when I wrote it. But you can see what I mean by wanking.

Publishers love to wank even more than the authors. As much as they like getting the stuff out on the bookshelves and turning a dollar, they're more interested in scoring points and showing their piddling little bit of authority and, of course, impressing the wine-and-cheese set.

I know my writing limitations. James Michener or Emile Zola I'm not. Who the best writer is in Australia I don't know, but it's definitely not me. But I'm the best thing that's happened to Australian writing in 20 years, one interviewer told me. When it comes to writing ballsy, contemporary stories that tell it like it is with street humour, I can write rings around half these so-called Australian authors with their tweed coats and briar pipes in the top pocket.

Sub-editors are all frustrated writers, hovering on a social scale somewhere between heroin dealers and parking police.

And these ponces can't get within streets of me for dialogue. Henry Lawson was the master of writing Australian dialogue and I've read and studied and maybe purloined enough of his style, the poor old bugger must roll over in his grave every time I have a new book or a short story out.

So I reckon I've got half an idea of what I'm doing, and seeing as my first book is in its fourth print you would think the publishers would leave well enough alone. But oh no. They hire these ponces called sub-editors to vet your stuff. Now I know every writer needs editing and all these dills are supposed to do is fix up any spelling, grammatical errors and punctuation and maybe make a suggestion or rearrange a word or two here and there. Maybe. But not these jerks in Australia. They're all frustrated writers, hovering on the social scale somewhere between heroin dealers and parking police. They can't for the life of them write a book themselves and they're going to make sure nobody else can.

Then there's the cultural cringe you have to put up with. I write contemporary Australiana. I'm certain that's the country I'm living in and the people I meet talk that language. To the yuppies in the publishing game, however, this is referred to as "ocker", the most detestable word I know. To them, anyone who doesn't talk like Stuart Wagstaff and dress like Trent Nathan is an ocker.

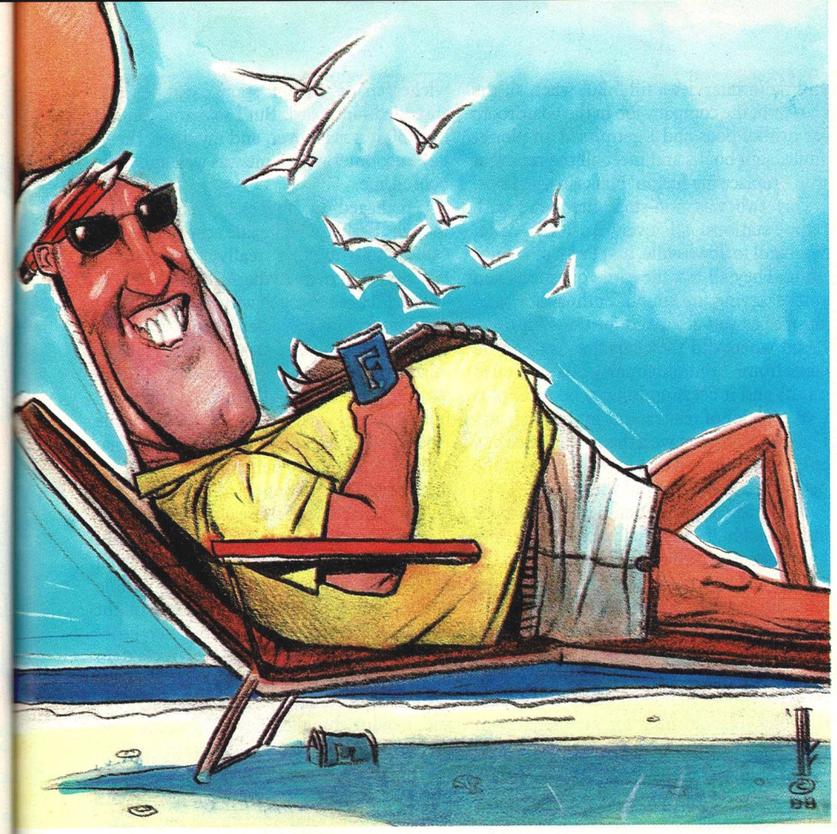
Also, when I say my style of writing is off the wall and tells it like it is, it's another way of saying it's crude, racist and offensive. But I look at it this way: if you're white, Australian and have an Anglo-Saxon name, you're automatically branded a racist and are expected to appease and kiss the arse of every non-white in the world. And if you like to play a bit of hide-the-sausage with members of the opposite sex, it's worse again. You're a straight, a square or a chauvinist and should be castrated.

So seeing as you can't win, why not lower your sights and give the lot a serve: poofs, dykes, wogs, reffos, dingbats, abos, yobbos. Fire from the hip, just keep the humour up and blow the lot out of the water. And if it offends, stiff shit. At least if you insult the lot of them, they can't accuse you of being discriminatory.

It puts the publishers in a quandary though. They've got a best-selling writer on their hands, yet to keep in sweet with the wine-and-cheese set they've got to try and dissociate themselves from me and somehow, discreetly, publish my stuff at the same time. Which is why you never see a Les Norton book launch or too many posters around. It may possibly dawn on the publishers, next time they have to reprint one of my books, that there are a lot more people out there eating blade steak and drinking beer than what there are nibbling Danish blue vein and sipping chardonnay.

I wonder how many people out there have met a living, breathing Australian author. Apart from Colleen McCullough and Frank Hardy they're about the most boring, self-opinionated people on God's earth. They pontificate, strike poses and give away words like gold watches. If you asked an Australian author the time he/she would give you a philosophy on time, space and the universe. Time is of the essence. A clock ticks. A sun dial throws a shadow. Why? Sort of: I think, therefore I am. I strop myself, therefore I blow in my hand would be more like it.

Anyway, I imagine by now you're starting to think, Christ! Can't this fuckin' Barrett whinge. He hates publishers, despises sub-editors and other writers give him the shits; as do film producers. He's bleating about not making any money, his hair's falling out and he can't get a root. The literary scene's one great lemon in general. Well, why bother? Is there anything about writing in Australia that has anything going for it?



Yes. It does have its moments.

When it finally dawns on you you're not going to make any money and pea-brained yuppies are going to try and treat you like shit for your efforts, you have to find a laugh or some gratification somewhere or you'll finish up either in Morriset or on an assault charge. It's a good feeling when you're sitting on the beach and you see someone reading one of your books and they're laughing. You watch them for a while and when they're about to leave you go up and ask them what they think of the book. They generally say, "It's the grouse" or, "Pretty good. Why?" Then you tell them you're the nut that wrote it. The initial look on their faces is worth a year's royalties. Then you have a bit of a nag before writing something nice or funny in the front of the book. It's a good vibe all round.

A schoolteacher asked me to give a lecture at one of the local high-schools. She'd press-ganged the kids and about two hundred of them were reluctantly assembled in the school library. They'd been lectured before by some writers and were expecting another stodgy nerd in a tweed coat to come in and bore the tits off them for half an hour, when in rocks that cool swinger, Robert G. Barrett, in an Hawaiian shirt that loud I had to yell out to be heard over it, jeans, shades and briefcase full of tits and bums magazines I'd written for. And a grin on my face like a split in a watermelon.

My opening address? "Hello, gang. What's going down?"

The kids couldn't believe it. Here was a bloke who would talk *to* them, not down to them. And he wasn't up himself. Of course some of the young bucks in the audience tried to be a bit smart to impress their pimply faced girlfriends, but you could shoot them down in flames with one burst. It was easier than bashing up drunks. I felt like Don Rickles in his prime. The best part, though, was the 20 or so 17 and 16-year-old spunks squatting down in front of me with their school uniforms cut off above their knees. It didn't take them long to twig why the eminent Robert G. Barrett's eyes were starting to bulge and sweat was forming across his brow. So the filthy little hounds started spreading their lean, brown legs a little further. Next thing I knew I was barely a few feet away from 20 sets of different coloured knickers, with these grouse little teds blinking at me from behind them. My closing statement? "This face is leaving in five minutes. Anyone want to be on it?"

I get women ring me up pissed off because their boyfriends and husbands sit up in bed all night reading Les Norton and won't turn the light off and grab them on the ted. I get other women ring me up, their boyfriends are jealous because they sit up all night reading Les Norton and won't pay attention to them. Funny little incidents like these can make writing worthwhile. Plus you know that you're doing your job. You're making people laugh, you're giving them enjoyment.

Even though I have done my best to discourage anyone out there from writing a book, I still imagine there would be enough sado-masochistic dills who are going to press on regardless and labour for months, possibly years over a typewriter, pounding out that great Australian novel. Well, go for your life and the best of British to you. And now I'll tell you what happens when your book is released.

I'll dwell briefly on my first two books in '85 and '86. I wasn't quite prepared for the media rattle and every show I went on I gave the kiss of death to — both Tony Murphy and John Singleton got the flick a week after interviewing me. I got dragged out to Channel Ten at sparrow fart to go on *Good Morning Australia* as a bit of cannon fodder, but I started to get a few laughs out of the crew and managed to get a better camera angle than Katrina Lee, so she shunted me pretty smartly so they could get the camera back on her. The whole time I was down there (six days for both) I slept on friends' lounges and floors, eating counter-lunches and sandwiches.

So I thought, this time, fuck the publishers. They're the ones making all the money, if they want me down there they can put me up in a reasonable motel and give me something half-decent to eat. I wrote and told them if this didn't suit, do the publicity yourself. Or better still, get the sub-editor to do it. After all, it's these geniuses that take the writer's shit and turn it into a book. What did I have to lose? I wasn't making any money and the expression, "nice guys finish last", was coined especially for the Australian publishing industry. Reluctantly they agreed.

They booked me into a motel, a really nice one I might add, overlooking the Harbour at Darling Point. However, by my own stupid choice I picked one in Bondi Junction so I could have a drink with some old mates. It was the pits: hot, noisy and uncomfortable. The Malaysian government wouldn't have put Barlow and Chambers in there. I booked out first thing Monday morning and arrived at the publishers with a hangover and three hours sleep.

You go into a board room with a phone and three-page itinerary of all the people you are going to see and who are going to ring you up. I barely had time for a cup of coffee and a handful of Codral Reds when Peter Wilson was on the phone from *The Sun* giving me the full-on Bryant Gumble, probing, in-depth interview. Then I was whipped across town to go live on air (stinking of stale piss and BO) with Gordon Elliot on 2UE.

The publicist frowned because all I was wearing was a pair of tatty shorts and Mexican beer T-shirt. But who the fuck sees you on radio?

Gordon Elliott's about seven feet tall, got a real deep voice and likes to brow-beat you. But I had a little something on Gordy baby, a movie called *Bullamakanka*, without doubt the lowest movie ever made in Australia. I had a part as the pig man only 'cause I needed the money. All the stars, however, Gordy baby included, tumbled into these cameo roles just to see their melons up on the silver screen. When the movie turned out to be the dog of the century, all the stars were

ducking for cover at the mention of it and trying to get the thing destroyed. I casually mentioned this to Gordy before we went on air and he was as nice as pie to me and we did a pretty good interview.

Then it was off to the ABC. This time the publicist put her foot down and said I would definitely have to get changed to go on 2BL, and no arguing. I moodily capitulated, put on a pair of track-suit pants and sulked all the way to the station. They are rather pukka on the ABC. However, they do the best, most sober and intelligent interviews: and I'm the first to admit that getting a sober and intelligent interview out of me is a feat comparable to finding a cure for cancer or deciphering the Rosetta Stone.

This, too, was okay, then it was back to the publishers for an interview with some freelance journalist over lunch in an Italian restaurant. This was going down all right till I asked the bloke what he was before he got into journalism. He said he used to be a crown prosecutor. That is a giant step sideways, isn't it? I wondered how many poor punters he's sent down the river on pot charges and wished I'd had a couple of tabs of acid to drop in his cannelloni.

After that, it was back to the publishers and radio interviews till 5.30, when all the clan from the company lob in the boardroom for drinky poos and I get pissed on plonk, smile, sign books and meet all the reps that won't replace my fuckin' books in the shops.

Day two was non-stop interviews with radio stations all over Australia from Warragul to Townsville, and Perth to Denilliquin. They all ask the same questions and you're trying to sound enthusiastic and chipper as you get asked for the 47th time, "And where did the character Les Norton come from?" But the country DJs aren't bad scouts and it costs nothing to be nice, plus I've got a lot of readers out in the bush and I have to stay sweet with them. I finished day two around six and that night got out on the piss with a couple of old mates.

We finished up in Bennies, this grouse little all-night bar just up from my motel, and I took two escorts back and charged it to the publishers; and a jolly good time was had by all, I can assure you. I got my bilges well and truly pumped out and not a drop of rusty water was left on my chest. Nonetheless, it was a very battered and tattered Robert G. Barrett who staggered into the boardroom the following morning for another day of radio interviews, coffee and chicken sandwiches made out of sponge rubber and shredded cardboard. But I soldiered on, and by 5.30 it was all over, and my brief, three-day encounter with fame was well and truly behind me.

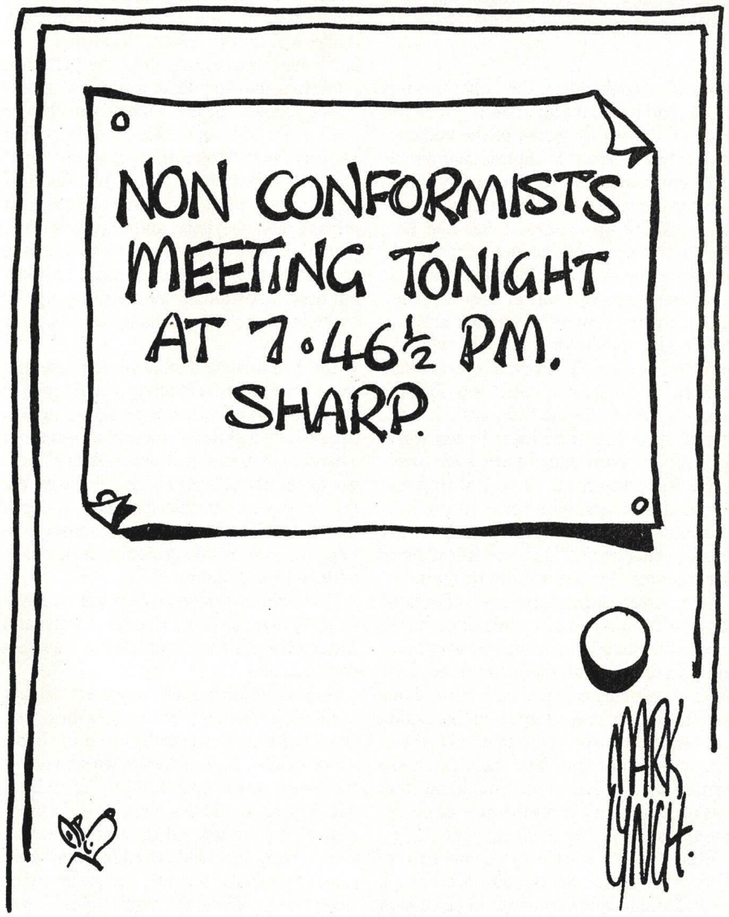
I managed to bugger up the evening though. Earlier, I had made arrangements to call round to this really good-looking Aboriginal actress Lydia Miller's house in Glebe. I'd been in touch with her because the main story in my latest book concerns Aborigines and also I was giving part of my miserable royalties to this Aboriginal children's mission: I might be a racist and a nazi but I'm not real keen on seeing little Aboriginal kids going blind from trachoma, and every little bit helps. Lydia Miller, I might add, is dead-set glamour. Tall, willowy, with one of those chuckling sort of voices that sounds like water bubbling out of a spring. The idea had also entered my head that whilst acting the charitable, lovable author oozing charm and grace, one might never know one's luck in the big city, especially around the Glebe area. So I frocked up in a grouse new shirt, squeezed my fat "comic cuts" into a pair of designer jeans and, looking absolutely suavational, knocked on her door.

Straight away I was treated like visiting royalty. I guess there's not too many people lately have got a kind word for our indigenous peoples. Sitting there, chatting away, bunging on my urbane sophistication, it didn't take Lydia long to see that I was a pretty swivelised kind of a guy, and let me tell you *Playboy* readers, RGB was going great guns.

If you've been up to Kings Cross lately you will have noticed all the Japanese take-away food shops. They're everywhere. The food's tasty enough, but it's crammed full of monosodium glutamate, preservative, salt, fish sauce and other spices, and is about the worst shit you can eat. Anyway, coming and going to my motel either pissed or hung over, I had been stuffing down heaps of this spicy Japanese crap, which has convinced me that what Australians they couldn't kill during the Second World War they're making up for now by poisoning with their rotten, bloody food.

I was sitting there in Ms Miller's loungeroom acting the toff when the second cup of coffee hit the three days of MSG and preservative in my stomach. Next thing, my eyes are bulging, my stomach starts rumbling and I'm hiccuping and croaking like a bullfrog. It was a horrible sight. Ms Miller was looking at me strangely when I, like a perfect gentleman and commanding as much decorum as I could, said, "Would you excuse me for a moment." I then walked through the kitchen, out into her backyard, and spewed all over her garden. When I came back inside she looked at me like I was something left over from the previous week's garbage strike and I knew exactly what she was thinking: pisspot! I was immediately shown the door, given back my book and told what I could do

(continued on page 93)



"Why is it every time we get together we end up squabbling?"

i Just hope my boss doesn't see...

Because if he gets the message that I'm in *Playboy*, he'll probably send me packing.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROSIE SCHUCKALL

Our gorgeous Miss October would have liked best of all to be photographed in a mask, but we kind of thought that would be a shame. So now she's just going to have to watch out – she works in a solicitor's chambers where they set great store in sticking to form. . . and not this sort of form either!

This mysterious 22-year-old beauty first introduced herself to us very confidentially, as Nora Wenck, but in the meantime we discovered that her family circumstances are so complicated that she actually goes by an entirely different name. However, we do know that she comes from a large city where she completed an apprenticeship as an optician after her leaving certificate.

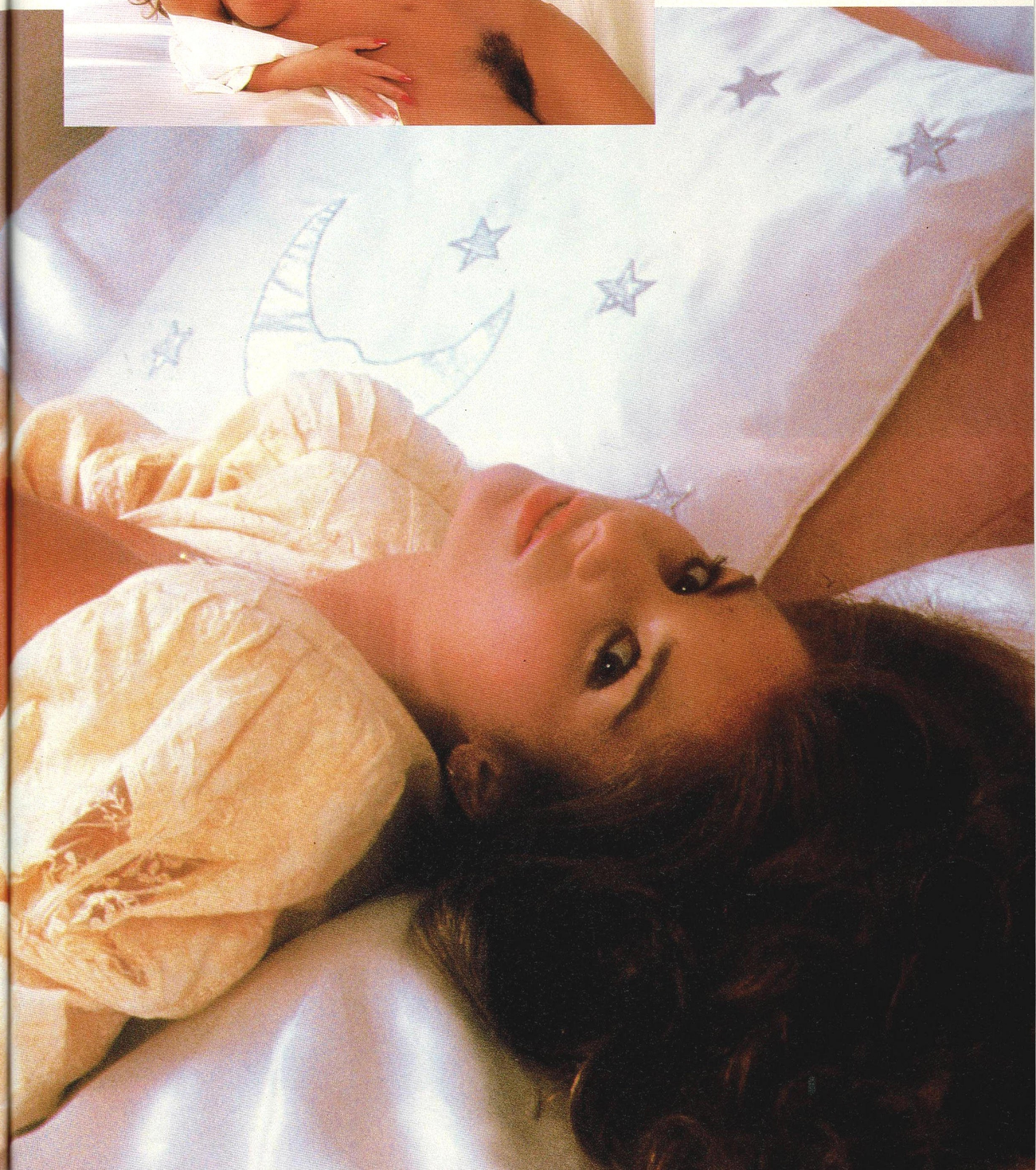
Now she works as a solicitor's clerk and just might finish her training as long as things don't go haywire first. So why then did she agree to pose for these photographs? Nora smiles enigmatically: "So I could look at them again when I'm 80 and remember just what kind of a body I had then.

"Actually, though, I am very conservative – I won't even go topless at the beach."

But no worries: Nora likes men anyway. As to what turns her on about them, she has no special preferences. . . except one. Hairy armpits!

"When someone is flirting with me and quite accidentally stretches up high so that I catch sight of his armpit, that really turns me on," Nora confides.

And a boyfriend should also be prepared to allow her lots of time to herself for her favourite hobby. And what's that? Well, Nora loves all sports, but most of all she loves to be astride a horse. Lucky horse, Nora!



NAME
Nora Wenck

BUST
89cm (35'')

WAIST
56cm (22'')

HIPS
89cm (35'')

HEIGHT
164cm (5'4'')

BIRTH DATE
6/2/65

SIGN
Aquarius

AMBITION
To make an impression.

TURN-ONS
Naturalness, happy and original people.

TURN-OFFS
Arrogance, people who are up themselves.

HOBBIES
Sport (especially horseriding!), cinema, theatre, fleamarkets, reading for hours, museums.

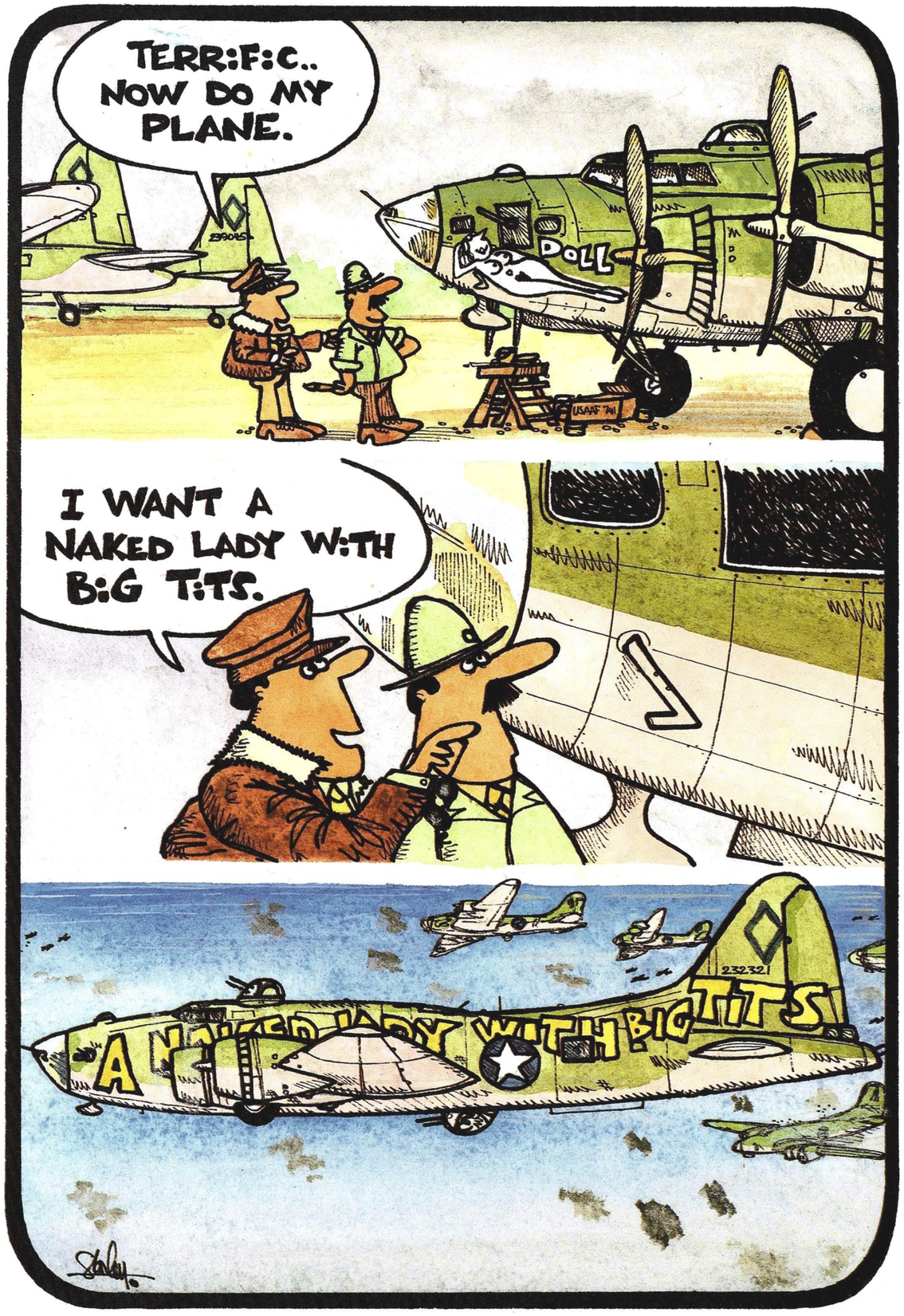
FAVOURITE PERFORMER
Whitney Houston

WHY I WANT TO BE A PLAYMATE
I just want to come out of my shell.

IDEAL MAN
He's as unimportant as the ideal woman.

MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PARTY JOKES

Jimmy Carter, Ted Kennedy, Gary Hart and Michael Dukakis were on a cruise down the Potomac when the ship struck a rock and began to sink.

"Gentlemen," Carter said, "as good Christians, we should let the women and children board the lifeboats first."

"Fuck the women!" Kennedy shouted.

"Do we have time?" Hart asked.

"Did everyone hear that?" Dukakis asked.

When the salesman's car broke down, he walked to the nearest farmhouse to ask if he could stay the night. The farmer agreed to put him up. "But," he said, "you'll have to share a bed with my son."

"Oh, never mind," the disappointed salesman said. "I think I'm in the wrong joke."

What's the difference between Jimmy Swaggart and a pickpocket? A pickpocket snatches watches.

Jane climbed to the treehouse to make dinner, only to discover that her stock of food was low. She called to Tarzan and asked him to go out and find something to eat. An hour later, he returned with one hand full of small birds and the other holding two monkeys.

"Oh, no," Jane moaned. "Not finch and chimps again!"

A young couple were out on a date when the girl broke her heel. Doing the gentlemanly thing, he offered to piggyback her to the nearest heel repair shop. As they rounded a corner, an alsatian dog threw a bucket of water over them.

A famous woman reporter was doing a television documentary on the lifestyles of American Indians. After touring the reservation, the lady seemed curious about the varying number of feathers that different head-dresses supported. She asked a brave what the one feather in his head-dress meant.

"Me have only one feather because me have only one squaw," he said.

The reporter, thinking the Indian was joking, asked another brave who had four feathers. "Me have four feathers because me sleep with four squaws," he replied.

Still not convinced that the number of feathers indicated the number of mates, she decided to interview the chief, who had a head-dress full of feathers. "Why do you have so many feathers, chief?" she asked.

He pounded his chest and declared: "Me chief, me fuck'em all, big, small, fat, tall, me fuck'em all."

Mortified the reporter said coldly: "You ought to be hung."

The chief replied angrily: "You damn right I'm hung — like buffalo."

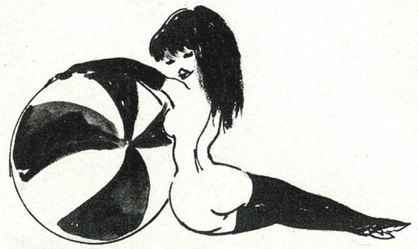
The lady cried: "You don't have to be so damned hostile."

The chief said: "Horse style, dog style, wolf style, any style, me fuck'em all."

Tears in her eyes, the reporter cried, "Oh dear."

Without batting an eyelid, the chief replied: "No deer, me fuck'em no deer. Asshole too tight and the fuckers run too fast."

The reporter fainted...



A distinguished-looking man entered a Geneva bank and inquired about taking out a loan for 1000 Swiss francs.

"What security can you offer?" the banker asked.

"My Rolls-Royce is parked out the front," he said. "I will be away for a few weeks. Here are the keys."

A month later, the man returned to the bank and paid off the loan, 1017 francs with interest.

"Pardon me for asking," the banker said, "but why a one thousand franc loan for a man of your obvious means?"

"Very simple," he replied. "Where else can you store a Rolls for a month for 17 francs?"

When the body was first made, all the parts wanted to be boss. The Brain said: "I control everything and do all the thinking. I should be boss." So it went with the Heart, the Lungs, the Ears, and finally the Arsehole spoke up and demanded to be made boss.

All the other parts laughed at the idea of an arsehole being a boss. The Arsehole was so angered that he blocked himself off and refused to function. Soon the Brain was feverish, the Eyes crossed and ached, the Feet were too tired to walk, and Hands hung limply at the side, and the Heart and Lungs struggled to keep going.

All pleaded with the Brain to relent and let the Arsehole be boss. And so it happened all the other parts did all the work, and the Arsehole just bossed and passed out a lot of shit.

MORAL: You don't have to be a Brain to be boss, just an Arsehole.

Heard a good one lately? Send it to the Party Jokes Editor, Australian Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

She wasn't a conventional kind of thief. She was black, naked, and a big challenge for insurance investigator Simon Spark.

black Vanity

Fiction by ROSS McCAULEY

MAYBE HE HEARD something. Maybe he just sensed that someone, or something, was here in his bedroom. Without moving in his bed, Judge Walter Walker opened his eyes. It was still dark. Light from the moon came in through the window but it wasn't much. The window was open. It shouldn't be. It should be closed, and locked, and connected to the estate's electronic burglar system.

He listened. The sounds of the sea rolling up the cliff. The old upright clock. With its little hesitation every dozen ticks. Nothing else. Or was there? If there was another noise it was as small as a small animal, say a cat, crossing the room.

But the window. It shouldn't be open.

Then he saw it. Not clearly, but he saw it.

Crouched in the moonlight. Black and shiny. The

flash of green eyes. Suddenly it was on him — slippery, musk scented, black skin, snapping teeth.

Pinning him to the bed, its steamy body felt soft. Yet dangerous and erotic. The claw-like hand whipped his cheek. Fingers plunged into his eyes. Then it was gone, vanished, through the window.

Did it actually happen? It wasn't till he checked his face in the mirror and saw the scratched skin and the tiny trickle of blood on his face that he knew it wasn't a dream.

Then he saw the wall safe open. For certain it wasn't a dream.

●

Back in the Pitt Street offices of the insurance company that employed him as a specialist investigator, Simon Spark flipped open his notebook and announced in a mock courtroom voice: "The recently retired and highly esteemed His Honour Sir Walter Walker woke at 1.20 am to discover he was being burgled by a black panther."

Bennett, his boss, raised a cold eyebrow. "Are you crazy?"

"I'm not, but he might be. Apart from being out of pocket by about $20,000 in gold krugerrands, I gather he found the whole experience sexy."

"What actually happened?"

"Black panther, black man or too much black label? Who knows?"

"Find out!"

●

The rider throttled the big BMW motorbike through the intersection on the same beat as the traffic lights went to red, and swept under Kings Cross, the roar rumbling off the white tiled tunnel.

Few motorists noticed the rider's leathers held a female's figure. She travelled swiftly through the sultry Sydney night. Leaning hard into the corkscrew at Circular Quay, straddling the lane markers across the Bridge, cursing the stop/start signals along Pacific Highway, till she turned into the suburban byways of Lane Cove.

Part of Sydney where prosperous looking people lived in prosperous looking homes with sweeping lawns running down to rivers. The kind of people who believed in foreign status symbols, private education and taking as much money as possible from their neighbours.

Now the rider throttled back the bike to a slow throb and quietly guided it into the back of a willow grove in a children's playground.

She removed her helmet and waited, listening.

The only sound was the cicadas. Followed by the black matt claws of the neck-to-crotch zipper unpeeling her leather body suit. She was naked under it. The humidity of the night mixed with the heat of her own excitement produced a glow of sweat. Burglary is better than an orgasm. She smiled at her thought.

When she was ready, she moved along the river bank, her body black and naked, unseen and excited.

She was a woman who craved excitement — hang-gliding, sky-jumping, motorbikes, scuba-diving — but nothing quite matched the thrill of thieving. It brought all her senses into play, mental, emotional and physical. And yes, she had to admit, sexual.

But she wasn't a conventional kind of thief. It was for the moment, not for the money. If she could find something — or someone — to fill that yearning hole she felt at her centre perhaps she wouldn't do this crazy business at all. Perhaps she would retire to the country to breed kids and horses. Or focus her obvious talents into a legitimate career.

But for the moment, all that passion and planning was focused like a laser on the pinhead of the next 15 minutes in a house in Lane Cove. And for this moment, it was all that mattered in life.

The cat burglar jogged up through the hedges and plaster angels of the pretend Spanish gardens. She waited, breathing easily, below the western wall of the house she had targeted. Two hands firmly on the drainpipe, one foot against the ivy-covered concrete, she hoisted herself up. The pipe held. At the top she leaned back on a loop of rope she circled around the pipe. From this crow's-nest she examined the window. She already knew it wasn't wired and now she could see why — it was horrifyingly narrow. But not too narrow for a slim and slippery professional.

Once inside she moved downstairs. Of the 11 paintings she was only interested in two — the Picasso pen sketch and the early Sidney Nolan oil. Checking they weren't on separate alarms, she took them down and working from the back quickly removed them. Then she decided to have some more fun...

●

"You're telling me she opened the french doors, setting off the alarm, and stood there for five minutes?" Simon Spark asked a few hours later when he was called to the crime.

"I opened the door and I saw her just standing there," the homeowner, a well-known art dealer, replied.

"Naked?"

"Black as sambo's mother and as naked."

"What did she say?"

"Absolutely nothing. She just waved, as if she was the bloody Lone Ranger or something, turned and left."

"Do you remember anything about her, apart from her . . . what's my notebook say ... the two most beautiful turned-up tits?"

"She had bright green eyes."

●

Spark spent the week working his contacts and when he was ready he took his theory to Bennett.

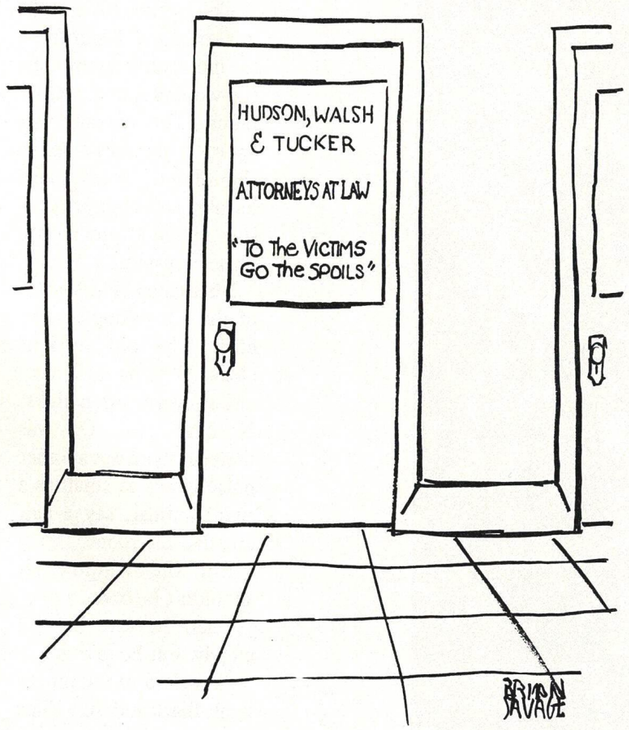
"So you believe this is the work of a female cat burglar?" Bennett asked incredulously.

"Pussy burglar," Spark joked, and went on to explain his theory which connected the last two robberies with others. All brilliantly executed by a brave cat burglar and all involving the city's silvertail set.

"Ah! People who're trying to get into the social columns like to impress by talking about their wealth, their jewellery, their paintings and even their security systems," Bennett ventured.

"Exactly, that's where I reckon Black Vanity is getting her info. Titbits between the champers and caviar."

(continued on page 108)



"I like to think these are going to spermicidal sponges rather than to some damn car wash!"

PHOTO COURTESY ROAD & TRACK

ESCAPE MACHINES

A new generation of sharp, fast "sporty cars" could drive you out of the urban wasteland into a brave new motoring world. Motoring editor ROB LUCK reports.

MAYBE YOU DRIVE a desk eight hours a day? Or front the bank's frontline? Or wrestle with the general public in a service chore. While you are committing 40 hours a week to boredom and survival your brain is doubtless revving away, and worrying its little self about the grim facts of daily

The Suzuki RS-3: the kind of handling, balance and driving excitement never available with front-drive cars.

life and survival in the big city.

Your brain can't possibly have missed the fact that the bum has dropped clean out of the daily dollar. The cost of living is still headed for the stratosphere, and the wage has selected reverse gear in real dollar terms. The prospects of easing into that little pad are now a mirage on the urban skyline, and the limping Ozbuck has turned even the overseas escape clause into a financial nightmare.

While you and your brain are contemplating the Third World economic wasteland, take a little time to reconsider the motor vehicle. Sure, prices left this planet two years ago when the world finally woke up to the fact that bludging is our national industry. But they've gone about as far as they're likely to go. And like it or not, they're now about the only major luxury item you can readily afford.

The really hot news is that a whole new range of budget sporty cars is about to be launched on the world markets. And, just for a change, Australia is going to be at the leading edge of the movement (automotively speaking).

The term "Budget Sporty" may require a little qualification at this point. Budget in the old money meant something very definitely on the mean side of 10 grand. In the financial newspeak of the late '80s, you can take it that the new benchmark is $30,000, and not all the Budget Sporties that will wear this tag will fit neatly under that cut-off.

Virtually every car manufacturer in the world is right now engaged in rushing a new generation affordable sportscar into the marketplace. Already, there is some current generation indication of the way things will go. Toyota recently introduced the MR2 two-seater sportscar onto the Aussie market. It's a mid-engined (M), rear-wheel-drive (R), two-seater (2) that mimics the classic Ferrari configuration and performance in a budget priced package (33 grand). And Nissan has the front-drive EXA — a targa-topped fun machine that cuts the price charts below $27,000.

Both Toyota and Nissan have much, much more in their sporting bag of tricks, but their next generation sporties are a little way down the road. The surprising leader in the production of the new concept sportscars is . . . wait for it . . . Ford Australia!

Down in Broadmeadows, Melbourne, Ford is right now consigning the first "pilot build" versions of its remarkable new Capri sportscars to the production line. Serious production should start late this year, with the first examples built in left-hand drive and shipped Stateside to satisfy a hungry US market rumoured to be ready to gobble up at least 40,000 units.

Australia is next in the queue, with around 5000 right-hand drive units set to roll out by mid-1989. The Capri is one of Ford's worst-kept secrets, so there's no problem filling you in on all the gory details. Billed as the "MG of the '80s", the Capri is a full convertible compact sportscar. Ford Australia designers and engineers (led by Dave Fewchuk) actually co-ordinated the global design of this car which was always intended for international markets. Ford's idea was to marry the best of all possible worlds, so the Aussies took an Italian coach-crafted body (designed by Ford's subsidiary, Ghia), Japanese floorpan and drivetrain (the mechanicals) and good ol' Aussie know-how.

The Capri uses a Laser chassis which basically comes from the Mazda 323 (Ford and Mazda share these components/cars). This means the Capri is a front-engined front-wheel-drive sportscar (which to the purists, makes it something less than a new generation MG). The Laser chassis is generous enough to allow for tiny jump seats behind the front buckets, and the Capri is built on thoroughly modern sportscar lines with very spacious and fully equipped cockpit, large boot, refined quick-fold canvas hood and (later) an optional quick-bolt hardtop.

All this for a rumoured $26,000. We'll see! Timing and packaging will be critical to the Capri's pricing, but we know that it has to be priced keenly to compete on the US market, so Aussies should get the benefit. Certainly, it seems unlikely that Ford would dare to nudge this little baby up and over the extreme buyer psychological barrier that exists at $30,000.

Because the Capri is Laser/Mazda 323-based it can also look forward to a long life with infinite number of derivatives. Mazda (and therefore Ford) already has multi-cam and turbocharged engines, 4WD and other tricks available for this pocket rocket. Expect all of them to be transplanted into future Capris. This particular "sporty car" should be very much alive well into the next century.

The surprise inside runner in this race is Suzuki. Late last year, Suzuki served notice on the rest of the world that it was serious about the small sporty car market by previewing a production-ready sports coupe at the Tokyo International Motor Show. Most observers merely passed it off as a showcar. It's not. Suzuki, a few short months later, has the car ready for production. Apparently the home market is the first target. And that's good news for Aussies because the Japanese still mumble down the same side of the road as we do. Which means we should be able to get their offcuts pretty quickly.

The buzz is that the Suzuki RS-3 will roll on to local docks by mid next year. It may even beat the Capri on to showroom floors. It will provide an interesting alternative. Suzuki has showed a fixed hardtop, a hardtop with removable panels and a full convertible. Of these, the likely contender is the targa-style drop-top, more or less a hardtop with removable centre-panels. However, unlike the Nissan EXA solution, the centrebar may be removable. With the top panels removed and stowed in their boot satchel the occupants will have clear sky above their heads.

Suzuki did its own coach crafting on this baby bomber and it's a very tidy effort. Slightly more compact than the Ford Laser, the RS-3 is based on the Suzuki Swift GTi which has been setting the production touring car racing tracks alight with its tearaway performances over the past 18 months.

The RS-3 will get the same hot twin-cam 1.3 litre engine — but Suzuki has planted it amidships, driving the rear wheels. This concept really excites enthusiasts for it provides the kind of handling, balance and driving excitement that will never be available with front-drive cars. Suzuki is on a winning formula with this idea and has specified every aspect of the vehicle to match — four-wheel disc brakes, four-wheel independent (all-wishbone) suspension, and a sensational six-speed transmission. With its 100bhp engine hiding under a lightweight, air-efficient, carbon-composite bodyshell, the RS-3 will run easily past 200km/h and sneak under eight seconds for the standing start to 100km/h acceleration time.

Introduced right now, the Suzuki could sell for under $25,000. By the time it hits the local market next year the realistic tag is about $28,000. At that mark it's a winner.

Holden still hasn't had a mention. Never fear, the General's near. Students of the Aussie motor industry will be aware of the machinations of the impending Toyota-Holden merger. However there are plenty of wrinkles in the apparently smooth operation of this reorganisation, and Holden recently reconstituted at least one of its old companies. And, of course, there's the company's overseas connections. Holden is still owned by General Motors. And General Motors has been buying up some pretty interesting commodities. One of them is Lotus, indisputably England's most famous racing name.

Lotus, under the direction of Mike Kimberley, has been injecting some pretty interesting technology into the motor industry, and has developed something called the M100. The M100 has been widely touted as the next Elan replacement and slated for a world-wide build of five thousand units. But most observers have missed the point, and overlooked some of GM's vital connections. One of which is Isuzu. GM owns a large chunk of the Japanese industrialist and car-builder, and has already dropped an Isuzu twin-cam four-cylinder engine into the M100. With Isuzu insiders talking about a big volume production run of the engines for GM, it is inevitable you will see an Isuzu-powered GM mass production sporty car world-wide.

Now here's another wrinkle. Holden's own engine company plans to develop a twin-cam version of the so called Family Two engine (which currently goes inside Camiras, Pulsars and Astras, not to mention millions of exported cars). Holden Engine Company will be bidding for the M100 engine business, first for Australia, but also for OS markets. Holden may also bid for the total build of the volume production version of the M100!

So what we are now looking at is a really truly Holden convertible sportscar, which could ease on to local showroom floors before 1990. Like the Ford Capri, it will be front-engined with front-wheel-drive. Holden will be in a position to offer a dazzling range of engines from 1.6 litre single overhead cam to 2 litre twin overhead cam. Lotus technology may be expected on the latter. This could also give Holden an unexpected pricing edge. Base models could come in around or even possibly under the 20 grand mark, with a range of vehicles available up to 30-plus.

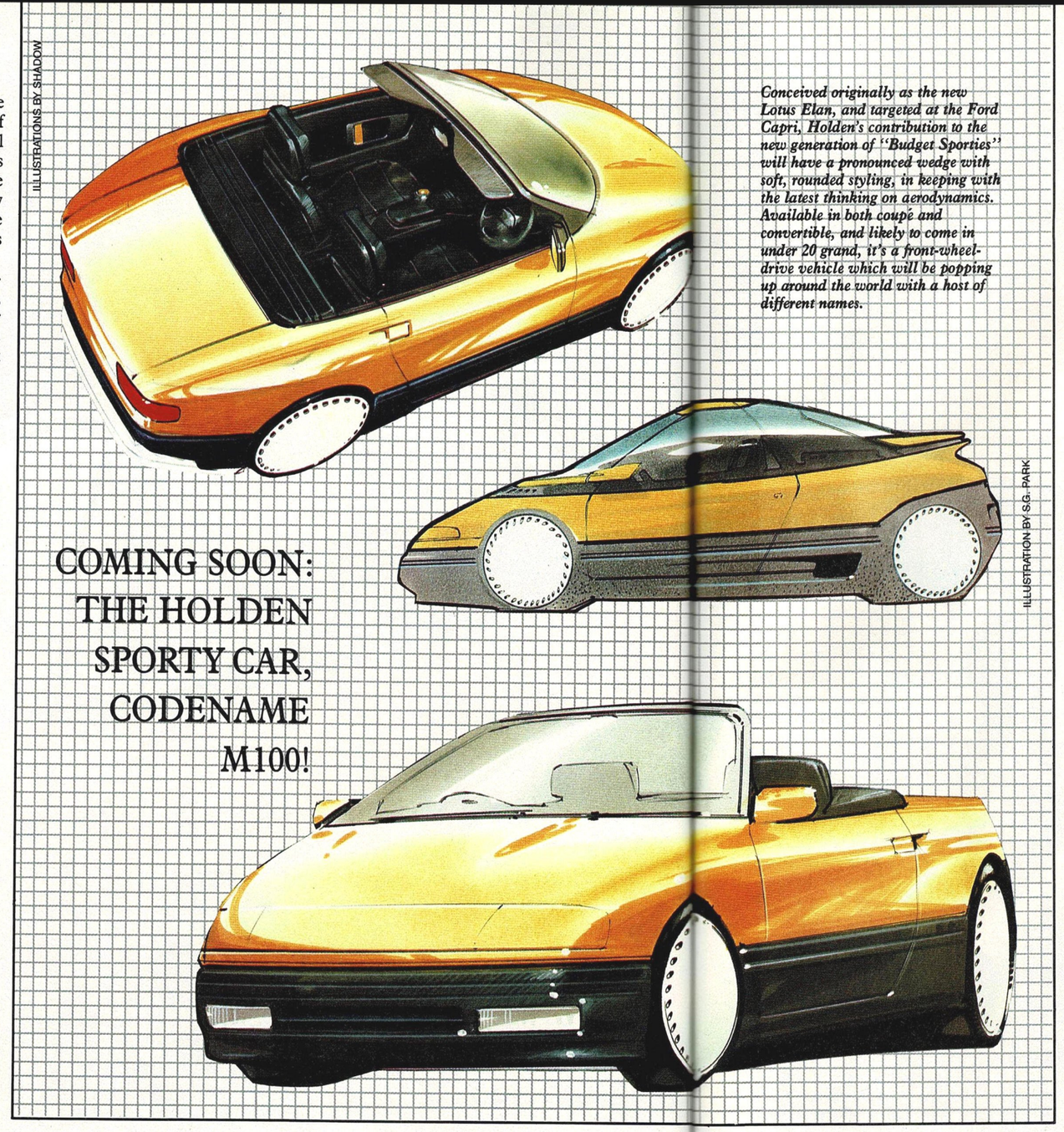
Holden may also offer convertible and fixed-head models. Really smart engineering tricks could be borrowed from Lotus, such as the revolutionary Active Suspension. And the company may choose to strike a go-it-alone pose with this model, avoiding model-sharing with Toyota, and giving its Holden network an individual market image vehicle.

Toyota and Nissan have their own forward-think sporties on the drawing boards, but these are not likely to break into the marketplace until the 1990s. Meanwhile both companies have excellent models available in the MR2 and the Nissan EXA, which, in a way, have jumped the gun on the others.

The common thread bonding all these model ranges will be very keen up-market specifications. Expect good quality stereo systems, electrical power functions (windows, mirrors, central-locking etc), high quality trim, fit and finish, spacious cockpit accommodation and luggage-room, and very good exterior equipment including high quality road hardware (wheels and tyres).

So start your financial scheming now, and get yourself set for a new way of life. On lease or HP, one of these babies will cut a mere $150 a week from your pay purse, the running costs will be minimal, and insurance companies are likely to smile benignly on these models with reasonable premium fixes.

If you currently get your jollies driving a desk, this could be your own built-in escape clause.



Conceived originally as the new Lotus Elan, and targeted at the Ford Capri, Holden's contribution to the new generation of "Budget Sporties" will have a pronounced wedge with soft, rounded styling, in keeping with the latest thinking on aerodynamics. Available in both coupe and convertible, and likely to come in under 20 grand, it's a front-wheel-drive vehicle which will be popping up around the world with a host of different names.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL GOING

20 QUESTIONS: TRACEY ULLMAN

Britain's newest funny gal talks about her tits, Rupert Murdoch, her tits, the Royal Family's love secrets, Benny Hill's weirdness and her tits.

*Like **Jackie Gleason** before her, **Tracey Ullman** stomps out at the close of her comedy show each week, swaddled in a bathrobe. Unlike Gleason, she has fabulous gams, a British accent, and a brain by Xerox. An incorrigible mimic, she reproduces voices and characters as fast as the neurons permit, and demonstrates this remarkable feat on the Tracey Ullman Show, a thoroughly quirky half-hour. She is **Lily Tomlin** without the fuss, **Whoopi Goldberg** without the funk, Sybil with a good agent. Not long ago, she took contributing editor **Bill Zehme** to afternoon tea and cheerfully wreaked havoc upon the pristine English custom. Zehme recalls, "We pulled up in Tracey's howitzer-like Range Rover and squared off in a cozy corner table. She wore a large black hat, ate cucumber sandwiches, pointed out every toupee and face-lift in the room, and suggested several methods of torturing the harpist."*

1.

PLAYBOY: Just how many voices careen around in your head at a given moment? Which is the real Tracey?

ULLMAN: They've said my brain is like a spinning radio dial. I do voices all the time. I don't even know I'm doing them. I mean, I *love* voices. I don't think there are any that I can't do if I listen long enough. There's no accent that I can't do. Mabel [*her infant daughter*] actually thinks I'm *everybody*. She thinks I'm **Michael Jackson**. She'll see him on TV and go, "Mummy."

What I like being best is a gal who laughs at herself. I maintain my British sensibility. I can't succumb and go to an analyst. If I think I'm sinking into that, I have to quickly go kick the dog up the arse and get some of my British pessimism back. I'm a fighter.

2.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever seen a casting couch?

ULLMAN: Oh, come on! Let's be honest. Who would want to get *me* on a casting couch, anyway? Someone like **Justine Bateman** has probably been through all that. I haven't. I've never seen that side of Hollywood. I've never been offered drugs or a casting couch or parts in glitzy soap operas. I think they can see, looks-wise, it just wasn't worth considering. It wasn't even worth approaching me about having cosmetic surgery done.

3.

PLAYBOY: You do a devastating impersonation of a self-possessed Beverly Hills bimbo-bitch. What lurks in the heart of that breed?

ULLMAN: The problem is that they are heartless. They are spoiled girls who have nothing in the eyes. They are so uncaring, these horrible girls with their little prism perms and acrylic French nails. They're so obsessed with themselves, they push in front of you in queues.

4.

PLAYBOY: What does the success of *Cosby* say about American TV?

ULLMAN: That show gives me the willies. It really does. I used to think it was all right. But, let's face it, they're wearing too many designer clothes for a paediatrician's income. It just doesn't make sense. It's just a strange show. The clothes worry me.

5.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your Fox network boss **Rupert Murdoch**. Where are the chinks in his armour?

ULLMAN: I've never met him. I've been told he's brilliant. He was in the audience for our first show, but he got jetlag and had to leave. He looked a bit buggered. He had too many kangaroo canapes on the plane or something. What do they serve on Australian first class? Wallaby weenies? He does send his Aussie friends on guided studio tours, so I'll crack Aussie jokes for their benefit. *[with an Aussie twang]* "How're ya, mate? Shovin' your head up a big bear's arse? Har-har-har!" I'm not sure they much like that.

But he's given me a great opportunity. I can't knock Fox. All his newspapers in England used to shock me, though. Page one in *The Sun*: DEBBY IS 26 AND HAS BIG BREASTS. Page 10: RIOTS IN SOUTH AFRICA. I never gave interviews to his papers. What would I talk about? They want to hear about the night you did cocaine with **Duran Duran** while you were having **Rod Stewart**'s baby. They're just the worst. The Falklands fuss was their finest hour: "The Falklands' lovelies — Girls with combat breasts on page three." It's insane.

6.

PLAYBOY: How tempting is it for a British comedienne to consider becoming a **Benny Hill** girl? How close did you come?

ULLMAN: I did Jenny Hill, a female version of Benny Hill, in a sketch on one of my British television series. In it, there were lots of men running around. I touched a lot of blokes' willies at bus stops. It was great fun.

Sometime before that, however, I was a bit desperate because there's nothing for British women in comedy — it's either class comedies starring **Sarah Ferguson** before she became a member of the Royal Family or Benny Hill girls. I rang up Benny once and he was really strange. He said, "If you come see me, will you bring me a bottle of milk?" And I said, "Why would I bring you a bottle of milk?" He said, "Everyone who comes to see me has to bring me a bottle of milk." It's like a Benny Hill tradition. Weird, isn't it? I never went. I saw a rerun featuring his bimbos. I thought, "My tits aren't big enough, and moreover, do I really want to have a bikini ripped off of me?"

My friend Allison, who's really dim, but so funny, did the show for a year. We all sat around to watch her the first time she appeared. She was on screen in a leotard with a complete hole cut out for her tits — her tits were out. Then later on she was in a cutaway dress that came flying off. Unbelievable.

7.

PLAYBOY: How do you think you look in a bikini?

ULLMAN: I wore one on a record cover once in England. I just got a new car and I was so thrilled with it, I thought I should pose on the hood of the car in a bikini. Never again.

I did go topless once in Europe. I remember being on a beach with just my bikini bottoms on and this old drunkard who'd been going out with my sister was watching me. He looked at my tits and said, "You're not very much like your sister, are you?" So I gave him the eye and said, "Yeah, well, you hardly pack your trunks!" I loved that. It became the quote of the holiday.

But ever since then, I just never had a lot of faith in my body. And you know what? That guy took a picture of me that day which he sold to a newspaper years later, when I'd become famous. They printed it a week after I had met **Prince Charles** with the caption: "Tracey Ullman met Prince Charles last week. Good job she didn't meet him like this!" And there I was in the picture squinting on a beach with my little tits.

8.

PLAYBOY: You met Charles and Diana? Any lingering impressions?

ULLMAN: I did the Prince's Trust show and shook their hands in a receiving line. It's amazing. You have to be briefed and checked for guns and everything. I was wearing a bright silver suit I'd just got in New York that I thought was really cool. When **Princess Diana** saw me, she said, "I hope you don't melt." I did look a bit like a baked potato. Perhaps she thought I might cook myself.

She *is* really pretty from up close. My husband, who is possibly the biggest anti-

(continued on page 92)

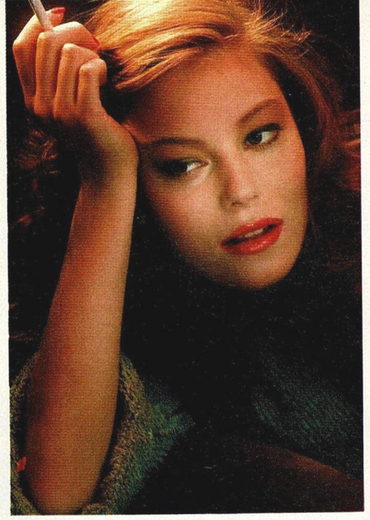
A LETTER FROM LAURA

"Writer-bunny" Laura Richmond hops to it.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Dear Playboy, I'm a Texan who found her way to Pasadena's Occidental College, where I study English and talk "bunny". A couple of years ago, my best friend and I started using bunny to describe everyone — "dumb bunny," "fashion bunny" etc. Then my boyfriend and I started calling each other bunny in that cutesy way couples have. We called ourselves love bunnies. When we broke up, I told everyone I was no longer a love bunny but a Playboy bunny. Friends gave Rabbit-head pins, clothes, cigarette lighters — everything. Which led me to wonder what it would be like to pose for *Playboy*...

Can you pick me out of this wall mural in Hollywood? I may not be a movie star but there's some raw talent in me. It's up to me to isolate it and put it to work.



I spend a lot of time writing, just emptying my head into my journal. Writing is like sex — fantasies can make it better. On stage, in my journal or in bed, I try to tap into my fantasies.

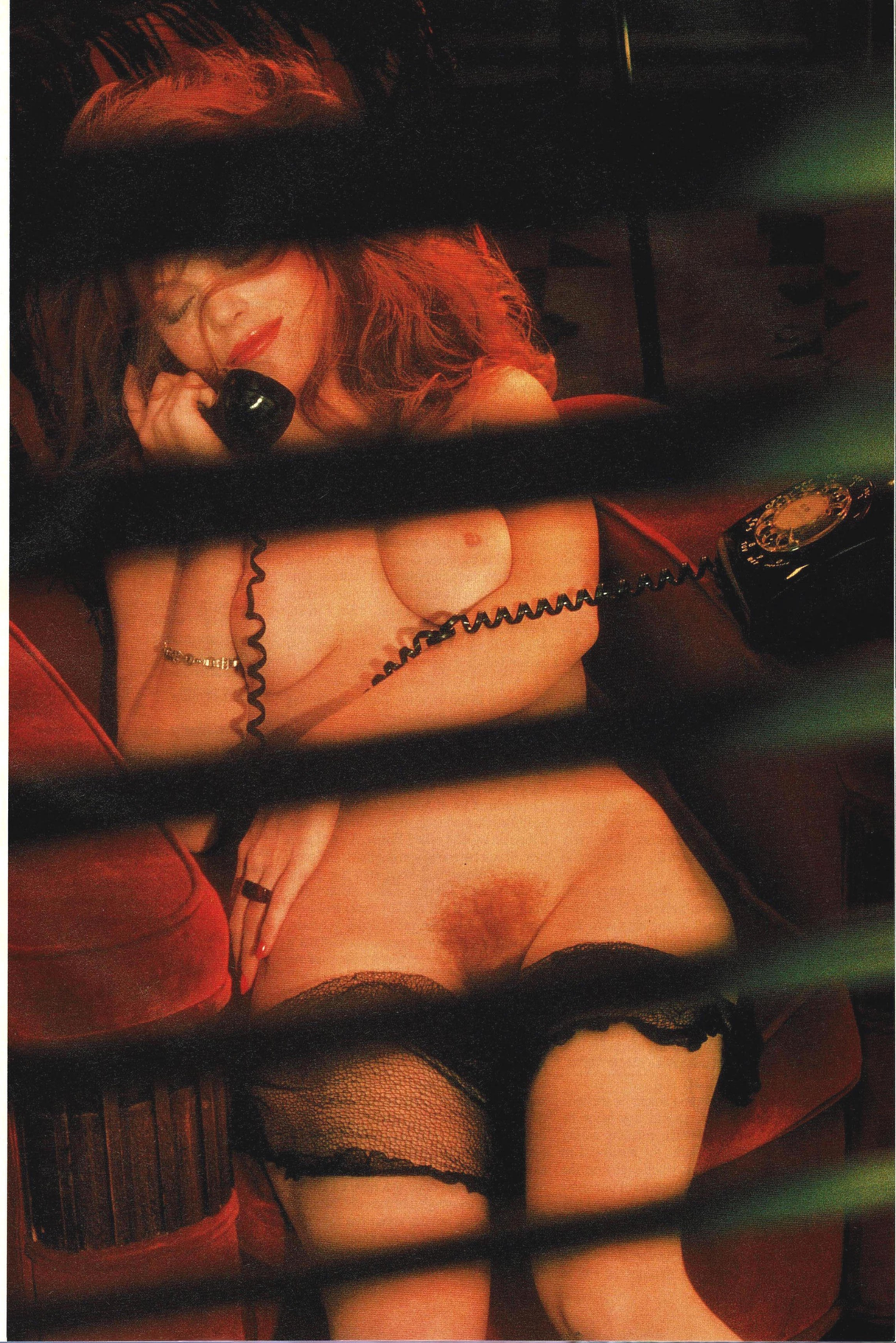
Dear Playboy Readers, Hi. Guess what? I'm a Playmate. My letter-writing habit paid off. Writing may be a silent way to get results, but so far it has gotten me a job with *Kerrang!* (a London rock'n'roll magazine) a long-distance love affair and my current gig with *Playboy*. I've recently joined forces with a Hollywood performance-art troupe, Torture Chorus, and am learning to translate my literary fantasies into body language.

Now I'm such an active participant in real life, I'm too busy to keep up with my correspondence. People used to tell me I should try my hand at acting. I thought, what a cliché. But Torture Chorus has challenged me — a writer never has to come face to face with her audience! Still, it's a kick to interact with audiences. I used to be intimidated by the kind of people who run around getting things done, but I've learned this: I may be a little more passive, more silent than most, but I do in fact get things done. And now that something as silly as my obsession with a bunny has led to the result you see here, I dare anyone to tell me that daydreaming is wasting time.

Yours,

Laura Richmond

When it comes to making love, I'm not always in it for love. I like guys who show me new things — unpredictable guys. Perhaps that's why I'm drawn to rock'n'rollers. Catch them after a show, when their egos are satisfied. That's when you may get something new.



ULLMAN (continued from page 83)

I said, "No, I'm twenty-six. I should be at punk rock concerts screaming Fuck Off! and Kill the Queen!"

royalist in the world, met her further on down the line and they talked for about two hours. She told him about how she likes to play her radio loud in the palace.

9.

PLAYBOY: What are the Royal Family's love secrets?

ULLMAN: They won't give up, will they? In England, *Private Eye* really brings the royals down to our level. They call the Queen and the **Duke of Edinburgh** Brenda and Keith. **Princess Margaret** is called Yvonne, and Charles and Di are called Brian and Cheryl. I really hope those two are splitting up. She's not a rocket scientist, is she? That's her problem. Fergie seems like more fun — in a pretty horsey, smelly sort of way. You could imagine rolling around on a bed, fighting with her. The royal men are hopeless; they never move their lips. **Elizabeth** is evidently a manic depressive and takes thorazine or something. I don't know. And the **Queen Mother**, the old woman, is our equivalent to **Bob Hope**. They caught the BBC rehearsing her funeral. It's going to be a top ratings-getter when she goes.

I don't get the Royal Family. I never got it. Why do we pay them millions of pounds to be better than us and ride around in coaches spraying us with mud, while we go, "God bless you, Mum." It's the one thing I really don't miss about England.

10.

PLAYBOY: In one of the classic sketches on your show, you lived out every woman's nightmare, playing a character who physically turned into her mother. Any early warning signs of this actually happening to you?

ULLMAN: I have a mum who always said, "Say *vagina*, it doesn't matter. The doctor wants to know what's wrong with you. You *must* tell him!" My sister and I would cringe, "Mummy, don't use words like that!" She'd tell people, "The girls are worried that their breasts aren't big enough." We'd go, *"Mummmmmm!"* She was very straightforward in such a way that everything she said was embarrassing. I'm getting like her in that way, saying horrid things like that to Mabel.

11.

PLAYBOY: Should method actors be trusted?

ULLMAN: Better yet, should *any* actor be trusted? I hate all that method acting rubbish: "Don't talk to me — I'm motivating!" I loved it when a guy on the crew during the first few weeks of our show saw me concentrating and asked, "Can I talk to you or are you *in character*?" It's so stupid. I laughed at all that so much when I studied drama. These stupid teachers would come in and go, "Good morning, darlings, let's all be dustbins!" I'd go, "Oh, *shut up*. I wanna be a *banana*!"

12.

PLAYBOY: Describe the plight of being a golf widow.

ULLMAN: My husband Alan is better about this lately. He is a really good golfer, but I think he's realised that Mabel is going to keep wondering what he actually does for a living. You don't do a lot of business meetings in pink shirts and yellow pants. So he's been getting his suits out and they're all covered with moth holes. It's a sure sign that he hasn't been to work in years.

Golf, for me, just means a lot of afternoons in Palm Springs, wandering around leisure shops, buying towelling suits and meeting a lot of women called Yvonne, Barbara and Deidre. They go *[in a bored country club whine]*, "This is not a good course, it's a *great* course." It's a world of tasteless frozen food and leisure suits and sprinkler systems. One of these women asked me, "Are you having a good time, honey?" I said, "*No*, I'm *26*. I should be at punk rock concerts, screaming *Fuck off*! and *Kill the Queen*!" They just pretended they didn't hear me.

13.

PLAYBOY: What's your position on leg waxing?

ULLMAN: I just had it done before I came to see you. I've got no hair at all. Look! [*She extends a leg for close inspection.*] I was a royal Hairy Mary until I had it done. It's hell. They pour a lot of hot wax on you and it's agonising. I used to go to a real tough waxer, a Russian woman called Yanna. A lot of pain here. If you have any ingrown hairs, she goes, [*grunts*] "Yanna *fix*." She puts a big needle in and picks out the hairs. "Stay still, darlink!" she'd tell me. "I make you look very, very sexy for me." Like yourself, Yanna? Try waxing your nose, Yanna. That'll make you look sexy. "You'll have *good sex* when you come to Yanna! I do for you *good*!"

14.

PLAYBOY: After four years, how do you rekindle the romance in your marriage?

ULLMAN: The romance is tough when you've got Mabel with gastro-enteritis and the dog shitting all over, while I'm totally exhausted and trying to learn dialogue, and Alan's practising golf swings in the garden, hitting the dog on the head with golf balls. It's really hard because our house is just a wooden hut and it's becoming hell. Nothing's big enough or roomy enough once you have a baby.

We did go away together recently. We spent the whole time talking about the baby. We also talk about when Al was thin; he's a bit of a mess now. But I'm happy with Al. When we go away alone together, it reminds us of when we didn't have the baby. And we've realised that when we didn't have the baby we were just two people with a good food guide, never knowing which hotel to stop at because we're so fussy. I'd be sitting around saying, "Why aren't you fit anymore?" and Alan would reply, "Shut up, you old bag, and put some make-up on! You look like a dog."

15.

PLAYBOY: What's the sexiest thing you do?

ULLMAN: Winding down the remote window in my car and giving some driver the finger. That, and that little twist I do at the end of my show. That's me at my sexiest, swinging my hips.

16.

PLAYBOY: Defend **Lucille Ball**.

ULLMAN: I can't. Since her last series — *Life with Lucy* — I can't defend her anymore. I saw her on the Carson show a couple of years ago and she was saying she'd never do a series again. *Never* do it. Said she couldn't recapture the camaraderie of the early days at Desilu. And then she does another series anyway. At least, she's old. She's got the excuse of being senile. Suzanne Sommers doesn't have that privilege.

17.

PLAYBOY: What mortally offends you?

ULLMAN: Leather ties. People who wear braces on their teeth after the age of 12. Obviously, they're women trying to get guys, so why do they make themselves incredibly ugly during their prime pulling years? What else? Aramis after-shave. Red-rimmed eyeglasses and the record pluggers who wear them.

18.

PLAYBOY: You're alarmingly wise beyond your 28 years. How old do you feel?

ULLMAN: About 40. I'm just so cynical. And having a kid has made me feel even older. Jim Brooks calls me an old soul. But I was like this when I was 12. I stayed up until 11 o'clock and was allowed to take puffs on cigars and sip wine. Even when I was five, a clown would come up to me and say, "Hullo, I'm Captain Billy's Banana!" And I'd go, "*Don't be so bloody stupid*! Don't patronise me! I'm six next week!" I would stay up all night, spelling swear words for my mum's and sister's boyfriends. I'd go "Fuck! F-U-C-K." And they'd go, "Oh, she's so funny!"

19.

PLAYBOY: What do you know for sure?

ULLMAN: That the wrong people are in charge. Especially in America. That the people you thought knew what they were doing — doctors, scientists, politicians, lawyers, pilots — don't. That they're as stupid as you and I are, which is frightening. That educated people aren't necessarily clever. That there are no more rain forests or an ozone layer. That we're all going to die.

20.

PLAYBOY: What's the best thing you know?

ULLMAN: That the best thing to do in life is laugh.

WRITER (continued from page 58)

Don't take too much shit from publishers. Remember, we're the ones that make them rich.

with my donations. I then drove off up Glebe Point Road in the rain with the imprint of Ms Miller's size nine stamped on my backside. And so ended three days of promotion in Sydney for Robert G. Barrett, international best selling author and closet Casanova. I booked out the next morning and headed back to Terrigal and the peace and quiet of the senile coast.

The following day, the realisation that I'd spent every cracker I had and was stone, motherless broke dawned on me. I was literally down to a mintie wrapper and a patch on my tie. There was only one answer: down to the Department Of Social Security and apply for the jam roll.

The girl in the dole office was most helpful and polite, but unfortunately it appeared I wasn't eligible to join Keating's army. I didn't work for a boss and I didn't own a business either. I didn't get the sack from my last job and I didn't quit because I didn't have a job in the first place. It was a cross between limbo and Catch 22. Christ! This is gonna be nice, I thought.

"You say you're a writer, Mr Barrett," said the girl behind the desk. "What sort of books do you write?"

"I write these Les Norton stories," I replied.

"Les Norton?" Her eyes lit up a little.

"Yeah." So I told her the name of my first book.

"I've read that," she said. So I told her the name of my second book. "I've read that too," she said quite enthusiastically.

She looked nice enough in a homely, plumpish sort of way, but even if she was a Les Norton punter she still seemed to have romance written all over her face. I tipped her to be a Mills and Boon, Victoria Holt freak.

"Well, sweetheart," I said, tossing in a wink, "I hope you don't want your money back, 'cause I wouldn't be in here if I could give it to you."

"Oh no," she smiled, "I really like them. They're great."

I casually edged my writer's left profile across the desk, gave her my humblest look, and slipped into a Jimmy Stewart drawl: "Aw waal, gee shucks, ma'am. That's right nice of you."

"There is one thing though." Her eyes were definitely starting to swim a little now. "I enjoyed that love scene with Les and the schoolteacher from Grafton in your last book. But when are you going to find him a nice girl? When's Les going to get married?"

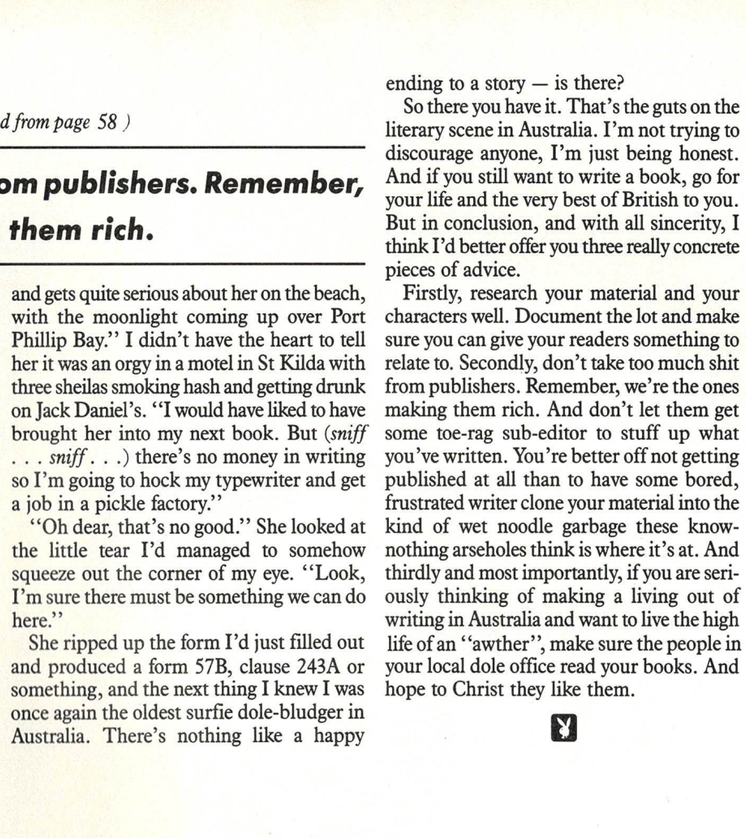
As usual, my writer's intuition was spot on. I knew she was a romantic. "Well, as a matter of fact," I said, "in my latest book, Les meets a really lovely girl in Melbourne and gets quite serious about her on the beach, with the moonlight coming up over Port Phillip Bay." I didn't have the heart to tell her it was an orgy in a motel in St Kilda with three sheilas smoking hash and getting drunk on Jack Daniel's. "I would have liked to have brought her into my next book. But (*sniff . . . sniff . . .*) there's no money in writing so I'm going to hock my typewriter and get a job in a pickle factory."

"Oh dear, that's no good." She looked at the little tear I'd managed to somehow squeeze out the corner of my eye. "Look, I'm sure there must be something we can do here."

She ripped up the form I'd just filled out and produced a form 57B, clause 243A or something, and the next thing I knew I was once again the oldest surfie dole-bludger in Australia. There's nothing like a happy ending to a story — is there?

So there you have it. That's the guts on the literary scene in Australia. I'm not trying to discourage anyone, I'm just being honest. And if you still want to write a book, go for your life and the very best of British to you. But in conclusion, and with all sincerity, I think I'd better offer you three really concrete pieces of advice.

Firstly, research your material and your characters well. Document the lot and make sure you can give your readers something to relate to. Secondly, don't take too much shit from publishers. Remember, we're the ones making them rich. And don't let them get some toe-rag sub-editor to stuff up what you've written. You're better off not getting published at all than to have some bored, frustrated writer clone your material into the kind of wet noodle garbage these know-nothing arseholes think is where it's at. And thirdly and most importantly, if you are seriously thinking of making a living out of writing in Australia and want to live the high life of an "awther", make sure the people in your local dole office read your books. And hope to Christ they like them.



Whitewater rafting is the ultimate wild ride. It's wham, bam, but there are no thank you ma'ams from the enraged river.

RAPID LOVE AFFAIRS

WHITEWATER RAFTING HAS been likened to, or at least promoted as, having a rapid love affair. I guess it depends on how you look at it. If you think of a rapid love affair as wham, bam, thank you, ma'am, you could be in trouble. Like any good woman worth your time and effort, the river demands respect. And besides, all the whamming and bamming is pretty much done by the river.

***ALPHEUS WILLIAMS** reports.*

The actual scenario is more like this. You are a humble stable boy . . . you see for the first time Genghis Khan's most cherished daughter. She's beautiful, has skin like lightly oiled silk, eyes that promise you everything, and breasts that defy reason that two things could be so perfect. She likes you. Her eyes tell you so. They invite you to crawl into her tent late at night. Your heart pounds, your brow becomes damp. You know that the tent will be guarded by huge, simian sentries, and that if you are caught they will take much delight in depriving you of your manhood in the slowest, most painful way their simian brains can devise. You will also be impaled on a spit and rotated over a slow burning fire until well done. But then, if you are not caught . . .

I think of things like this on the second night of my rafting venture. I have a bruise on my hip that belongs on a tie-dyed T-shirt, a big blotch of blue, purple and red. The air has escaped from my air mattress, river rocks have found their way between my ribs, I can hear the rain falling on the lean-to and I'm busting to take a leak. My leg and hip hurt. My back hurts. It hurts just to move. I get up, with sufficient moans and groans to let the others know that not everybody is content with the world, that even here, amongst the raw beauty of the Nymboida, there is suffering. They sleep on.

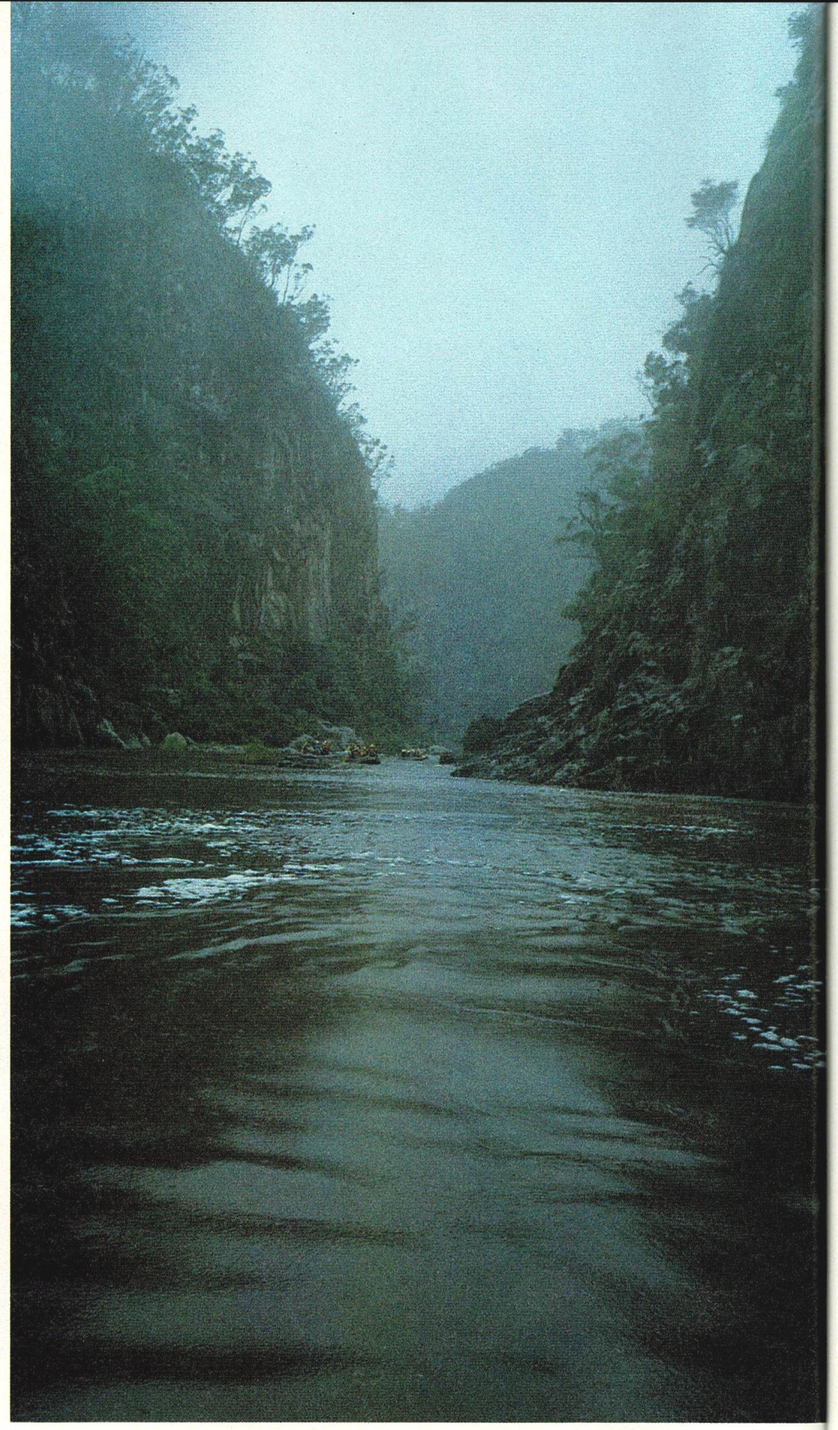
I limp out into the dark, each footstep hurting. It is raining, and as I brush against a tree limb, the tree, which has been collecting droplets of rain all night, sheds them all on me. I get very wet. I shiver. But I relieve myself, which makes it all worth while, and hobble back to the lean-to.

I shine my torch on my watch, but it is only 11 o'clock. I feel like I've been sleeping on rocks for at least a decade. I crawl back into my sleeping bag. Lying beneath the tarpaulin, I hear the roar of the river. The next run of whitewater is not far away.

During the day, when the raft is in quiet water, the cacophonous ring of cicadas is almost deafening, but as you approach whitewater, the roar, the power, drowns out even them. And in the middle of the rapids, when you are nothing but a blur and water flies all around you, and you shout and yell in the frenzied excitement of it all, you cannot hear yourself or anyone else. Just the water.

Earlier today I came out of the raft. We were going down a section called "The Hidden Elbow", and I was on the stern, pretty pleased with myself and thinking the worst was over. It wasn't. We came hurtling down like a chrome ball in a pinball machine, when the raft made a radical turn and steep descent . . .

It is dark and wet. I have a rope in my hand. I must have grabbed it on the way out in a reflex action. I'm being towed behind the raft, which is speeding through the water topside. I get an enormous and quite painful kick in the back, as a submerged boulder decides to let me know it is there. I let go of the rope, and it gets darker. No more kicks from boulders, so I slowly paddle my way upwards for what seems like a long time. The water begins to lighten, taking on the colour of old beer, as I finally come through the foam. The roar is in my ears as I break the surface, but it's behind me. I see the raft up ahead.



"It is overcast and dark today, like the brooding, ominous background to the witch scene from Snow White."

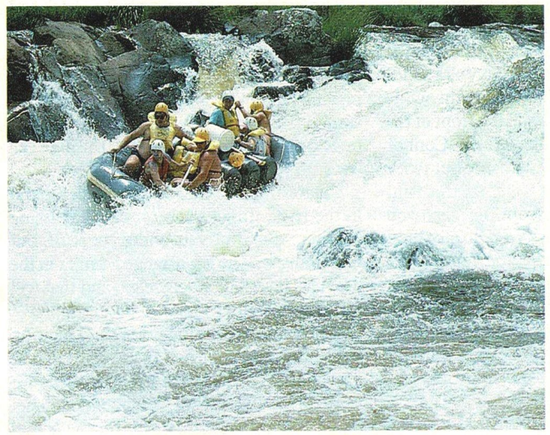
"Where's the paddle?" These are my first words.

Arthur Slade has monitored my fall: "Don't worry, we'll get it later. You okay?"

"Yeah." I look back to the point where I must have fallen in, and realise there was a fair bit of underwater travel. We never do find the paddle.

The same day, after coming through a fairly hairy bit of water, we arrive at "The Lift Over". We can hear the roar on the other side. I can feel my back change colour and consistency to a lemon-meringue sponge. One of the girls, Cathy, offers to walk, and

Amongst the raw beauty of the Nymboida there is suffering!



Hurtling down like a chrome ball in a pinball machine, for a radical turn and a steep descent.

Sun on the early morning water, but the trees have been collecting droplets of rain all night.

I think about joining her, but she returns — there is no way out but the river. Leesa, the girl in front with Kim and Artie, asks Artie what the next rapid will be like.

Artie turns and smiles: "Oh, she's a good un!" Leesa looks back to us and rolls her eyes as we begin the descent. Still, the water is fast and wild, but nothing we haven't already done. However, there is thunder up ahead and we can hear it. And now, down below, standing in the middle of the river, looms a huge, mushroom-shaped rock, very black and unyielding. The water slams up against it and spews in white jets to both sides. It is overcast and dark today, and the whole thing looks like the brooding, ominous backdrop to the witch scene from *Snow White*.

"Holy slithering snakeshit!" I yell. "What's that?" But I don't get an answer — there's not enough time. The raft slams into the rock, and we turn 180 degrees, shooting down along its side backwards. I immediately climb towards the middle of the raft and wonder if I've screwed up with the paddle again. I hear Artie say something which sounds like "Cooee!" The raft is full of water as we hit a few more rapids and rumbles, then slow water.

Jerry gets the bucket out and starts to bail. I reach over and, just for the hell of it, count

my pulse, but it's gone off the dial. I look at the other faces, stunned, and then the girls are grinning, I'm grinning, Jerry is grinning and Arthur is all teeth and sparkle behind his black beard. We grin the silly grin you grinned when you were a kid and things were supposed to be serious, the grin you had to hide when you were at school to keep an irate teacher from seeing, the grin you get from pushing things a little too much, and if anyone asked you why you were grinning, you really wouldn't be able to explain.

That night Arthur Slade and the crew put together a great meal in the tradition of Aussie bushmen. No dehydrated tuna casserole and bean sprout surprise here — the smell of steaks on the grill, potatoes and onions is an unexpected delight after a day on the river. The camp is made smoothly. It reminds you of a well-run cruising yacht: everything taken has its use. There are no tents; instead tarpaulins are stretched over ropes suspended from trees and supported down the line by the raft paddles. Even in the rain Slade and crew seem to have no difficulty in getting the fire started.

You can learn a lot about the river and the bush by just listening to Arthur. "See the water there?" he asks, pointing toward the river. "See how dark she is, tea-coloured? Well, that's from the soil up in Dorrigo. Volcanic. Why they grow such good potatoes. When you get a lot of rain up around Ebor, the water gets an orange colour to it. Comes from all the red soil up around there."

Arthur Slade has been running these trips down the Nymboida longer than anyone. He has accumulated a formidable knowledge of the river and its habits. Some of us have pumped our air-mattresses, spread out the sleeping bags under the tarpaulins and are taking refuge from the rain, but Arthur just giggles and gets the fire started, positioning the barbecue plate and billies for boiling the water.

"She's a good bit of rain," he says. "We're going to have good water for the river. She's gonna be a real good un." He chuckles again.

I've never seen a man more comfortable in a place in my life. Some people have this pleased and satisfied look with their feet up on a footstool, their backsides on a chair and their face in front of the television. Arthur Slade has this attitude on the river. He's about as out of place standing in rain before the fire at the edge of the Nymboida as a porpoise is in the sea. And twice as happy.

Like most men who spend their time with nature, whether out to sea or in the bush, Slade is a keen observer. He knows the river, knows how much difference 5cm of rain will make in the run down. Knows if there is lightning the rain won't stay long, and if there isn't we're in for a fall.

There was lightning earlier and thunder. Up in the trees along the top of the gorge, huge clouds of mist clung and the thunder sounded so close you could've reached out and grabbed it. But that was some time ago. The thunder and lightning have passed, so it continues to rain and the river rises. Before darkness came, some of us walked downstream to have a look at the water ahead — "The Chute": it's a long bumpy bit of water, fast and straight down, ending in a pressure wave. I think about it now, push it from my mind and roll over on to another river rock. I close my eyes and think about the sound of the river, "The Chute", the rain falling on the tarpaulin, Genghis Khan's daughter. Then all thoughts and sounds are overtaken by sleep.

Finally, the morning comes. Artie and the crew get together and fix up a breakfast of bush eggs, sausage, potatoes, toast and coffee.

There is a casual and unhurried action in breaking camp, and we all assemble leisurely at the rafts, help pack them and tie the waterproof drums on the frames. It's time to go. There is a silence, despite the noise of the cicadas and the roar of the water thundering down "The Chute". Before we get on the rafts it seems to be a world devoid of sound. There is a nervous laugh here and there, but now on the third day of the trip, we've acquired an awesome respect for the beauty and power of the Nymboida.

The raft seems to leap out of the water, the drums look as though they're flying off the centre rack. The drums aren't but Jerry is.

In the small raft, we wait for the others to go through. All too soon it's our turn. Artie yells back at me.

"Alph? Keep her straight and then about half-way down, hang on!"

"Right." I swallow something as dry as the Nullarbor and as thick and heavy as a sandstone paver. Artie paddles us into the white water, with Leesa and Kim in the front of the raft with him, and Cathy, Jerry O'Connor and myself in the back. I've come out twice and don't care to try the water on this run, but to paddle correctly from the stern you need to lean out a bit. I ask Jerry to take hold of my life-jacket. He grips the centre rack with one hand and the bottom of my jacket with the other.

"Hang bloody well on to it and don't let go!" I say. I'm sure my eyes are the size of dinner plates.

"I won't," promises Jerry.

We're off, and in spite of the fact that I bash the hell out of Jerry's arm with the paddle, he hangs on. Half-way down I chuck the paddle in the bottom of the raft and hang on to the centre rack with both hands. We are flying and there is water and roar everywhere, and then the pressure wave. The raft seems to leap out of the water, the drums look as though they are flying off the centre rack. The drums aren't, but Jerry is, so I reach out and grab the arm that had been holding my life-jacket and pull him back in. Then Kim has fallen in too, and I offer the paddle. Jerry, a hard man to keep in raft, jumps out and helps her. After getting them both back into the raft, we pull over to quiet water and Jerry begins to bail. The raft is full of nervous laughter. It was good fun, no doubt about it.

But speed, thrills, and good food are not the only attractions of rafting the Nymboida. There is of course the pleasure of meeting people, sharing the experiences and retelling the day's events around the fire while sipping on coffee or cold beer. It is sociable and fun, largely due to the efforts of Artie and his crew. Arthur Slade is a rare character in his own right. Watching him jump from rock to rock, barefoot, cigarette dangling from his mouth to find a perch to observe the condition of the other rafts coming through is an entertainment on its own. Slade is proud of his record. In the 13 years of rafting they have never lost a person. The most serious accident befell a young man diving into shallow water and breaking his arm.

Then of course a very important extra is the scenery, beautiful, pristine, dignified, and for the most part the only way to see it is by going down river. That's half the fun, the wild, roaring, whitewater areas contrasting with the slow, deep water that winds itself through steep gorges cloaked in mist and cloud. Tranquillity versus sheer hysteria.

The last day on the river is kicked back and relaxed. It is no longer necessary to wear the life-jackets and helmets. You just watch the countryside go by slowly and peacefully, playing spot the animal: a large goanna sunning on a limb overhanging the river, a huge black cockatoo screaming through the trees.

You roll over backwards and paddle around in the river, throw water on people passing in other rafts. Pretty juvenile type stuff, but fun. Tonight Artie has arranged dinner in the Seaview Tavern in Woolgoolga, and that will be our last dinner together as a group.

When we arrive at the bridge and pick-up point, the sun is well and truly out. It is hot. Trevor Jones, who has been with Slade for years, is waiting. He was disappointed in not being able to make this trip, but he comes down the bank like a jolly giant, a giant smile breaking his face. He hands me an icy-cold beer.

"How'd it go?" he asks, the giant smile even bigger.

"Great!" I say, but hell, Trevor already knew the answer.

Information and bookings: Nymboida Whitewater Rafting Expeditions, PO Box 224, Woolgoolga, 2450 tel: (066) 561 788.

"It's working. I'm getting horny!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Jessica Hahn

THE SECOND COMING

She lived through her darkest hours when forced to submit to Rev Jimmy Bakker's sexual advances. Now she's seen the light and discovered the world can be a bright, fun place.

"A WOMAN I never met said I used to be a prostitute."

Sitting poolside at Playboy Mansion West, Jessica Hahn shakes her head.

"A woman who used to be my friend called me the Antichrist. Can you believe that? It sounds almost funny, but it hurts, too. It hurts to be an outcast," she says. "My life has been threatened more times than I can count. I've seen a letter written in blood that said, 'The wrath of my fury is on Jessica Hahn.' My mother thinks I have gone astray

because I live at the Playboy Mansion, but it's beautiful here."

Safe at last, she works on her autobiography and prays for strength. Today, relaxing in the sun after an arduous but exhilarating *Playboy* photo shoot, she is in a reflective mood. Until now, she has had little time to ponder the twists and turns her life has taken since the last time she appeared on these pages.

Hugh Hefner's ladylove Kimberley Conrad ("We're like sisters," says Jessica) shouts a warning as Leilynd, Kim's golden retriever, bounds into Jessica's lap.

"I love it here," Jessica says, "and I know Hef would let me stay here forever. But soon, it's going to be time to move on. As soon as I get myself together. I don't know what the future holds for me. I know I'll always be controversial, whether I wear a choir gown or nothing at all, because I can't be a phony like Jim Bakker or Jimmy Swaggart or Jerry Falwell."

The machinations of modern-day evangelism hurled Jessica Hahn into the spotlight last year. The former secretary at Full Gospel Tabernacle Church became the unwitting Delilah who brought down a multimillion-dollar empire called the PTL.

More than a decade ago, at Full Gospel Tabernacle Church, the teenaged Jessica fell under the influence of the charismatic Reverend Gene Profeta, a freewheeling tent preacher whose moneyed lifestyle and private plane were funded by the one-dollar-for-God-and-one-dollar-for-me style of collection-plate finance. Although raised in a strict Catholic household, Jessica fell for the fiery leader of the flock.

Profeta, Jessica says, showered her with attention and convinced her that heavy petting with the pastor was part of her role as church secretary/baby sitter/consort, and would leave her still "technically" a virgin. Now under investigation by a New York grand jury for his creative financial strategies, Profeta mesmerised young Jessica with a combination of fire, brimstone, money and sex.

The first time the pastor came on to her, Jessica recalls, "he asked me to rub his back, which I was glad to do. I remember thinking that this was so weird...he kissed my hand and then he grabbed me and kissed me on the mouth." As Profeta's demands on her increased, Jessica knew there was "something wrong with this picture", but told herself that what might be sin with another man was acceptable with her spiritual guide. A naive 18, she figured that if this was what God wanted, so be it.

"I thought, God understands," she says. "Even though it had to be kept secret, I thought that God understood that I would do all I could for my pastor." To a confused Jessica, that included lying to the press and investigators about the true nature of her relationship with Profeta.

"I did cover up Gene Profeta's role in my story," she admits now. "I did it to protect a man I loved."

She recalls being puzzled by the jealousy directed at her by other women of the Full Gospel Tabernacle congregation, women who insisted that she put Band-Aids over her breasts so that her nipples would not show through her blouse. Profeta told her not to worry. "Screw 'em if they don't like you, Jessica," he would say.

Her pastor's connections led Jessica onward and upward in the world of modern fundamentalism. In 1980, one of Profeta's evangelising colleagues, John Wesley Fletcher,

arranged for her to meet an even bigger fisher of men: PTL leader Jim Bakker.

''Jim Bakker was the most amazing, wonderful minister,'' she says. ''Every morning before work, I watched his show. I still believe he was called by God, but back then, I thought the man had *breakfast* with God.''

Church secretary Jessica Hahn met her hero in Florida. Thus began her disillusionment with fundamentalist leaders, and with sex.

''Jim Bakker had perverted ideas about sex. These men behind the pulpit, they think sex is dirty,'' she says. ''They spend so much time telling people, 'Don't do this, don't do that; it's dirty,' that when they finally give in to it themselves, it *is* dirty.''

Bakker's sexual perversion of 1980 (Jessica has called it rape) has been widely recounted. He forced himself on a bewildered girl, then left her to be ravished by Fletcher.

Through PTL operatives, Bakker paid Jessica $265,000 in ''hush money''. Of this, she actually received only $20,000, plus several small payments from a PTL trust fund. The rest remained with the PTL ''legal advisers'' and ''family''. Still, she kept Bakker's dirty secret to herself for seven years, before she told the story last year. Believing in the biblical maxim, ''The truth shall set you free,'' she expected fundamentalists to be shocked at first but was stunned when she realised that they would neither forgive nor forget. Even her own congregation turned against her.

''They blamed me for the fall of the PTL,'' she says. ''They still do. That's what makes me angry and bitter. Instead of saying, 'Okay, all the dirty stuff is over now, a big broom came through to sweep the dirt away, and now we can get back to worshipping,' they chose to blame me.'' Watching the sun on Hugh Hefner's pool, she stubs out her cigarette. ''Instead of saying, 'Jim Bakker got too greedy for his own good,' they chose to hate me. They called me a liar and a prostitute. Men came out of the woodwork to say they'd had affairs with me, when, in fact, I'd been at church, at Gene Profeta's side, almost 24 hours a day. I took lie-detector tests and passed them.

'' Still, no one believed me. I was alone, except for the reporters and photographers who camped out on my lawn.''

Lying in bed on her 28th birthday, she contemplated suicide. She says she spoke with God that night and asked for a miracle.

''The next day, *Playboy* called. That was my miracle.''

Hungry, broke, friendless, she seized Hefner's offer to tell her story in full. In the following months, the walls came crumbling down on Jim Bakker and the PTL, while Jessica went from frightened and broke to confident and nearly wealthy. She transformed herself from pariah to star.

This month, *Playboy* features Jessica's new attitude, as well as her new nose, teeth and breasts. She is not at all abashed about admitting that she has had cosmetic surgery.

''What you see here is what I fantasised the first time I posed for *Playboy*. This is the soft, sexy, *new* Jessica.''

During the shooting of these pictures, she found herself getting more excited every time contributing photographer Richard Fegley clicked a shutter.

"As Richard took these pictures, I thought, Jessica, you don't have to be ashamed ever again. You don't have to answer to any preacher, or any preacher's wife, or *anybody*. We put on gospel music, and all of a sudden, I felt free. I didn't have to cover my breasts anymore. I didn't have to hide. And it wasn't dirty, it was pretty," she exults. "Here's the one thing I'd like to tell all the people back at Full Tabernacle Gospel Church: God loves the sinners and the centrefolds, too, not just the saints and the righteous."

This year, in an incident that still mystifies her, Jessica was cast as home-wrecker in a palimony suit between Hefner and his ex-lover Carrie Leigh. When Leigh sued Hefner, she said Jessica had been "instrumental" in the break up. The juicy implication of this charge, which Leigh later recanted, made headlines.

Hefner's new consort, leggy Canadian Kimberley Conrad, is less of a problem for her friends. She and Jessica share clothes and make-up, read the newspapers together, romp with Kimberley's dog and sometimes bicker like sisters.

In her private times, Jessica reflects on her year in the eye of controversy and keeps one eye on the doings of her old cronies, the fundamentalists. She is amused by Jim and Tammy Bakker's latest bid to rebuild their shattered empire.

"I'm not anti-church, or even anti-PTL. I'm against the way the PTL was run. Jim and Tammy thought they were Ken and Barbie in a million-dollar dollhouse. Now they're just dying without their publicity. I hope that now that I've told my story, people won't believe so much in men like Jim Bakker and Jimmy Swaggart."

Swaggart, she says, is a phony. "He's power-mad. Now he wants to preach again. He thinks he's above the law, even God's law. Men like Jimmy Swaggart have hurt religion for millions of people who just wanted to get closer to God."

In April 1988 Jessica received a request from PTL's legal department for the $160,000 remaining in the trust fund. At that point Jessica was unaware that the fund was intact. Jerry Falwell had assured her that it no longer existed.

Jessica said, "I'd be glad to help, if only the PTL would tell me how it would be used. I didn't want them buying jacuzzis with it. Then I read in the paper that the PTL could never accept help from Jessica Hahn, a sinner who lives in Hugh Hefner's house. Well, they did ask for my help. I have their request in writing."

Jessica says she is more spiritual than ever now. She looks for God on her own.

Among the "sinners and centrefolds" at Playboy Mansion West, she walks, prays for guidance and gathers her strength in preparation for the next chapter in the life of the most famous church-lady of the televangelical age.

"I would like to make up for the hurt so many people have felt, those whose faith got shaken by all these phonies, to touch their lives."

The next chapter may be the most unlikely of all.

"I can hear people saying, 'Jessica, are you talking about preaching?' All I know is, I have a message. If God wants that message to be heard, He'll take care of everything."

Vanity *(continued from page 76)*

His penis tip teased her moistened lips. She let go a soul- reaching sigh. He slipped all the way in.

"Black who?"

"Black Vanity. Code name. Like it?"

●

Eventually Spark persuaded Bennett to approve his plan — an ultimate but off-the-wall honey trap.

First, it required the media to know about Black Vanity. In detail. Some of it true. Some of it Spark's imagination. Black Vanity became the city's hottest story. Second, he arranged a lavish party for the social set. There, a very large and very precious opal, called Black Spider, would be displayed. Spark figured that anyone with enough balls to rob houses naked would have to go for a stone virtually named for her. All he had to do was sit back and watch the guests.

Which for Spark right then was proving not particularly rewarding. Even he had to admit that so far not one black person, male or female, had turned up at this party. Not even the keeper of one black and naked burglar (whatever such a person might look like).

However the caviar was black. As was the label on the champagne. And the woman he was talking to was gorgeous. "My name's Simon Spark," he said.

"As in bright?" she smiled.

"As in plug."

"Sorry," she smiled. "I suppose people say that all the time."

"Hardly ever," he lied. "And who are you . . .?"

"Jade."

"As in hard." But Spark's eyes lingered over the silk breasts and he added, "It's Jade because of your green eyes. I'm looking for a girl with green eyes."

"All your dreams have come true."

"Sorry, your other bits are the wrong colour."

Spark already had her bedded. And he believed the odds were good, till she cut the conversation short and disappeared into a glittering circle of jewels and gossip. Spark pretended he had not just been stood up, and went outside to prowl the garden.

Upstairs in the Double Bay mansion, Black Vanity stole into the gold draped bedroom where she calmly undressed, neatly hanging her designer-name dress amongst the 73 other designer-name dresses in her hostess's wardrobe. The chances of her alcoholic hostess knowing an odd dress amongst all these was remote.

Once ready she glided across the hallway into the master study and slid behind the thick curtains.

Melchoir, pink with pride, finished showing the black opal to the crowd downstairs. Their applause followed him and his security guard up the curving staircase. The security guard came into the study alone and did an everlasting 360 degrees. The breath stopped in Black Vanity's throat. He turned to Melchoir, "Come in."

"You can leave me now," Melchoir said.

Melchoir trusted few people, even well-paid security guards. There were other secrets apart from the Black Spider hidden in the floor safe under the specially hinged walnut desk.

Black Vanity waited till he was hunched over the safe before she hit with both knees in the back, pinning him to the floor. She slipped a plastic bag over his face and pulled the draw string tight.

"If you scream you will suck all the air out of this bag," she whispered in his ear. "The plastic will cling to your mouth and nostrils and you will be unable to breathe. You will die. However if you lie perfectly still you will conserve the air in the bag and after I'm gone you might be lucky enough to get help."

With that she pulled the knot tight on the lamp cord she'd tied around his wrists. And she was gone — with the black opal.

Spark spied her — the movement of a shadow within shadows — at the same time he heard Melchoir bellowing. She was scaling the brick boundary fence. When Spark reached it her black shadow was disappearing into trees on the other boundary. He sprinted after it. But once there, nothing. His eyes and ears strained into the darkness. Then he heard it. A sharp whistle behind him.

He eased back through the trees. Black Vanity stood in the glow from a neighbour's swimming pool lights, waiting to be seen. He heard her laugh, and then she was gone again.

●

Over the next few weeks no progress was made on the case and, as far as the company was concerned, Black Vanity was no longer top priority.

Not so for Spark. He was hooked. He found himself thinking about her. Not just at the desk, but also on his sunrise runs around the Bondi headlands, or lying on his bed listening to the growl of gears at the corner, or when he saw Afro curls bobbing through the footpath crowds. He was thinking about her long black limbs and the sweat glow on her forehead when Bennett came into his office, wearing the expression he had adopted since the Black Spider fiasco — the look of a suddenly permanent hemorrhoid sufferer. He had a fur warehouse for Spark to check out.

He would have done it too but he saw her before he could get there. She was arranging a print in the window of a gallery. "The girl from the party," he said.

"The detective," she replied.

She laughed. "Don't look so surprised. Everyone there knew you were a cop of some kind. The host told us. He was quite chuffed about the intrigue of it all — till he lost his gem."

When she closed shop they went for a cocktail at JoJo Ivory's in the Cross. Midway through his first margarita Spark found himself thinking how smart and witty she was. Midway through his second he found himself thinking how smart and witty he was. Midway through the third he found himself pressed into her warm body, melting into her soft cool lips as they held each other tight on the Macleay St curb in the almost darkness. He felt himself give way, float outside of himself to a place he hadn't been to for a long, long time.

Behind his eyelids a figure took shape and the figure was Black Vanity.

But it wasn't Black Vanity he held so tight. It was Jade.

"Sorry," he mumbled and suddenly separated.

It surprised and disappointed her. They parted, confused, she in one taxi, he in another.

Once at home he dragged an old cane chair outside and sipped his way through two serious tumblers of vodka while things yo-yoed around his head. Then somewhere between the vodka and his fantasies, between Jade and Black Vanity, there was a professional knock on his conscience. He had a fur warehouse to check out. Reluctantly he headed downtown.

He had managed to find the back lane but not the warehouse when he saw the black leathered rider cruise the big BMW, engine off and lights out, into the alley between two street-front jewellery shops. Stunned, he watched her unzip her leather jumpsuit. There, with the hint of a street light caressing her shoulder, she took out a slippery black cream and slowly smoothed it over her skin. He watched each firm calf and finely muscled thigh and each round cheek, once white now covered in a black sheen, merge into the darkness. She continued working upwards, slowly and sensually, enjoying the experience, yet all the time eyes and ears alert. Across her belly and breasts with the oily concoction. Her back and shoulders. Now her face, carefully around her nostrils and eyelids.

Finished. She was now as black as the blackness around her. She swung up the ladder fire escape, crouched on the steel landing and carefully disarmed the alarm system. When she went inside, Simon followed.

She ignored the main safe room and went instead to a small back office. While he watched from across the hallway, Black Vanity went to work on an ancient Chubb safe. When the safe door swung open she plucked out the stones she was looking for.

That's when Simon's hand reached out and locked on her shoulder. She froze. He spun her around. Her frightened eyes softened for an instant.

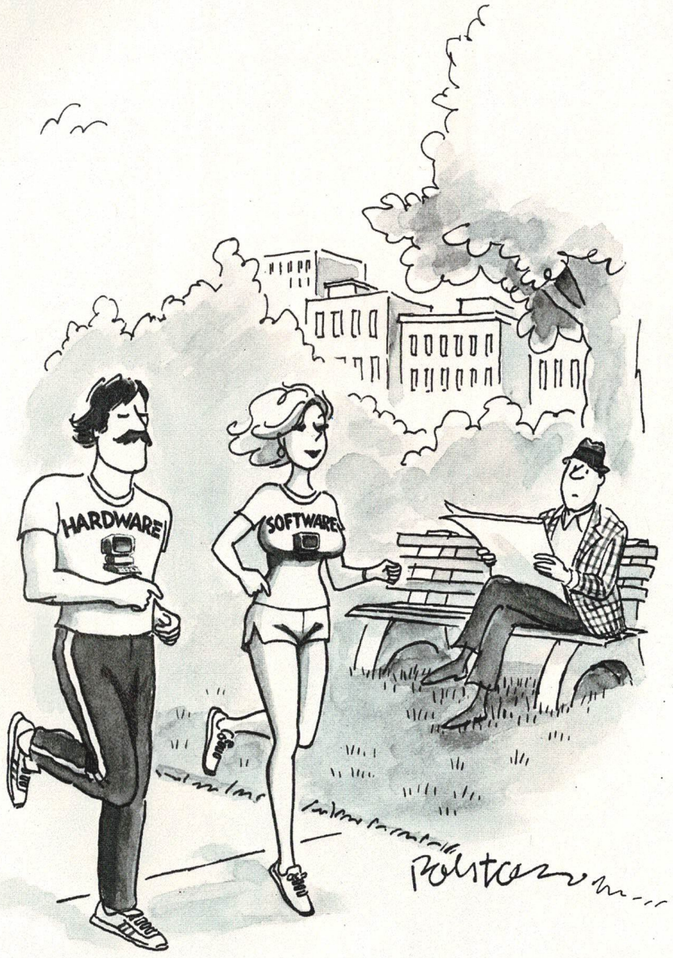
"Caught you," he breathed.

Then he picked her up and laid her across the desk, as ripe and ready as a black plum. His penis tip teased her moistened lips. She let go a soul-reaching sigh, lifted her knees. He slipped all the way in. And by the light of the neon diamond ring on the building opposite they proved that crime does pay.

Afterwards as they lay satisfied, sticky from Black Vanity's oily disguise, Jade whispered, "I reckon you could be needing a new career."

"Any ideas?" he grinned.

"You seem to have a flair for finding your way in the dark," she replied.



YASIR ARAFAT

(continued from page 33)

I grew up in the old city beside the Wailing Wall. The Israelis blew up the house in 1967.

for peace are genuine. And we are offering real chances for a lasting settlement in the region. This junta that rules Israel at the present moment is actually pushing the whole region into a bloodbath, and no one can tell where it will end.

We repeat our offer here, through this interview, in your magazine. Let's work for peace, a just peace, a balanced peace, so that we can achieve security for all in the region. So that we can build for our children a future that can be called a guaranteed and secure one.

PLAYBOY: Would you then recognise Israel's right to exist?

ARAFAT: We are ready to recognise Israel only within international legalities.

PLAYBOY: You mean within the resolutions of the United Nations? In particular, resolution 242 which, in effect, recognises the state of Israel but requires that it withdraw from territories occupied during the wars?

ARAFAT: Ask the Israelis if they are ready to withdraw from occupied territories according to 242. Syria has accepted resolution 242. Has Israel withdrawn from the Golan Heights? Jordan has accepted 242. Has Israel withdrawn from the West Bank or Gaza? [*Excitedly gesturing*] The Egyptians signed the Camp David agreements, and in spite of this, Israel did not withdraw from areas that were under that Egyptian supervision in Gaza!

PLAYBOY: Unfortunately, that doesn't answer the question. Why won't you just recognise that Israel has a right to exist, instead of qualifying it with legalities that make the point moot?

ARAFAT: When I say international legality, I mean the legality of the United Nations' resolutions. The United Nations *is* the international body. These various UN resolutions dealing with Palestine cannot be taken separately. They cannot be divided. We accept the resolutions in total—we accept what we like and even what we don't like. When it comes to resolution 181, which created the state of Israel, we *do* take that resolution and accept it as a unit. Not only item B—which calls for the creation of a Jewish state—but also item A, which calls for an establishment of a Palestinian state. The Israelis choose to accept only *parts* of these resolutions. They choose the parts they will accept.

PLAYBOY: The occupied territories give Israel its primary bargaining position. How could it be expected to forfeit that?

ARAFAT: That is the crux of it, that is the whole idea. The whole dilemma with the other side.

PLAYBOY: You mean no one is willing to be the one to make the first move?

ARAFAT: We are willing to negotiate; we've just said so.

[*The following portion of the interview was conducted in a more relaxed setting in Baghdad. The mood was more personal, with Abu Sharif serving as interpreter and occasional commentator.*]

PLAYBOY: For years, people around the world have seen and heard you represent the PLO position on television. You're probably one of the most recognisable men in the world.

ARAFAT: You think so?

PLAYBOY: Your face and your Palestinian head-dress are instantly recognisable. If someday people forget what Jimmy Carter or even Ronald Reagan looked like, they probably won't forget what you looked like.

ARAFAT: [*Smiling broadly*] Thank you. It's a good idea, no?

PLAYBOY: To be so recognisable? Perhaps not. You live surrounded by armed guards. Here in Baghdad and earlier in Tunis, the security precautions were extraordinary. You can't go anywhere, can you, just to take a solitary walk?

ARAFAT: Yes, that's true. It's not easy. Once, I visited many countries all over the world—China, Japan, Indonesia, Malaysia, India, Bangladesh, Pakistan, Canada, the Soviet Union and the United States. And more than that, actually. Most of Europe, the oldest socialist countries. But I never saw much.

PLAYBOY: Yes, that's the point. Whisked from the airport to the hotel, or wherever, in a convoy.

ARAFAT: Believe me, I saw no more than the airport, the residence where I stayed and the meeting rooms.

ABU SHARIF: But there were mass rallies.

ARAFAT: Yes, sometimes I would speak before mass rallies. But I would just see one room and the next most of the time. I might have the opportunity to see the TV.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever wished that you could just slip out and walk downtown in the places you've visited, just to look around?

ARAFAT: Very few times. Before I became the representative of the PLO, I visited a lot of places on vacations.

PLAYBOY: As a tourist?

ARAFAT: Yes, as a tourist. Not as a *terrorist* now [*laughing loudly*], as a tourist!

PLAYBOY: Your personal background is not very well known. When did you travel as a tourist?

ARAFAT: I was once very rich. I used to go to Europe. I visited Greece, Italy, France, Switzerland, Austria.

PLAYBOY: That comes as quite a surprise — Yasir Arafat, a high roller?

[*Abu Sharif translates this several times for Arafat.*]

ARAFAT: No, I never gambled.

PLAYBOY: We didn't mean gambling. Just that you were once well off and rather free with your money—touring the night spots, that sort of thing.

ARAFAT: Yes, yes, yes. I had a pocketful of money, like any tourist [*laughs*], and I enjoyed myself.

PLAYBOY: When was that?

ARAFAT: The last vacation I had was in 1963. I went to Venice. As I said, I was very rich.

ABU SHARIF: He was a millionaire.

ARAFAT: Yes, I was well on the way to being a millionaire. I used to go through Lebanon, then to Europe. Lebanon was just a stop on the way then. [*Smiles ruefully*] I used to go there to shop.

PLAYBOY: That was truly a long time ago. We'll return to Lebanon, but how did you happen to become rich?

ARAFAT: After I received my degree in civil engineering from Cairo University, I worked for two years in Egypt. Then I went to Kuwait. I was there for about eight years. I worked for the Kuwaiti government for a year, and then I started my own company with some partners.

PLAYBOY: What sort of company — engineering consultants?

ARAFAT: No! I was a contractor. We built roads, highways, bridges. Large construction projects.

PLAYBOY: You were a capitalist, then?

ARAFAT: During that period, yes. I had four cars. Nobody believes that, but I did. [*Smiling*] I had Chevrolets, and I had a Thunderbird and a Volkswagen. But I gave them all away when I left Kuwait to rejoin our struggle. All but one—the Volkswagen. I kept that to drive to Lebanon when I rejoined the struggle.

PLAYBOY: Somehow, it's difficult to imagine Yasir Arafat jumping into a Volkswagen to drive across the desert to Lebanon.

ARAFAT: [*Laughs*] It's true. I gave all my wealth to the revolution. The cars I gave to my partners, except, as I said, the Volkswagen. I used it to drive between Lebanon, Jordan and Syria. And later on, to Egypt.

PLAYBOY: Why have you talked so little about your past?

ARAFAT: I don't like to talk about my personal life. I never talk about it.

PLAYBOY: That, perhaps, is why so little is known about you. But give us a little background. Where were you born?

ARAFAT: I was born in Gaza. My mother died when I was four, and I was sent to live with my uncle in Jerusalem. I grew up there, in the old city. The house was beside the Wailing Wall. The Israelis blew up the house — demolished it in 1967, when they captured the city.

PLAYBOY: Living so close to the Wailing Wall, did you have much contact with Jews?

ARAFAT: No, not much. It wasn't easy to have contact, because even then, the clashes

"Your troubles are over, sir — Maxine here is our answer to premature ejaculation!"

between Arab and Jew had started.

PLAYBOY: So you've never had any extended contact with Jews?

ARAFAT: At Cairo University, I had some opportunities; some of the students were Egyptian Jews.

PLAYBOY: Was there animosity between you?

ARAFAT: No, not much.

PLAYBOY: You attended elementary school in Jerusalem, had rather a normal childhood, in the '30s and early '40s. How did you get to Cairo University?

ARAFAT: I went to live with my father, who had moved to Cairo, and began my course in civil engineering. It was difficult, very tough. Thirteen to 15 courses a year.

PLAYBOY: What did your father do?

ARAFAT: He was a merchant, a successful merchant. I lost my father in 1952.

PLAYBOY: How did you become involved in the Palestinian movement?

ARAFAT: In 1947 I went to fight as a volunteer to defend the Arab lands from the British and the Jewish occupation. I was one of the volunteers.

PLAYBOY: You actually fought, carried a weapon?

ARAFAT: Oh, yes. I was a young chap. I fought in Jerusalem, in the south of Jerusalem and in Gaza. When the fighting was over, in 1948, I returned to Cairo and continued my studies. It was during this period that I met Gamal Abdel Nasser. I had become a reserve officer in the Egyptian army and managed to become acquainted with Nasser and his group.

PLAYBOY: Then you knew Nasser and the group of officers who managed to overthrow King Farouk in 1952.

ARAFAT: Yes. After I came back to continue my studies, during this period when I was in the army, too, I met Nasser. I had a very strong relationship with Nasser.

PLAYBOY: Nasser modelled himself after Mohammed Mossadegh of Iran, the leader of the first successful nationalist movement in the Middle East. Did you ever get to know Mossadegh?

ARAFAT: Yes, I knew him. Not well, but it was during this period, when I was close to Nasser, that I became involved in the Palestinian national movement. I was one of the leaders of the movement.

PLAYBOY: It was Nasser, then, who stimulated your interest again?

ARAFAT: No. The tragedy of my people never disappeared from my eyes, the tragedy of the refugees. But for a short period of time, I felt hopeless, hopeless.

PLAYBOY: You were ready to call it quits?

ARAFAT: Yes, I was very discouraged, despairing. After the tragedy, after 1948, especially. After we all became refugees. During that period, I was going to leave the area entirely and continue my studies someplace else.

PLAYBOY: Where were you going to go?

ARAFAT: The United States.

PLAYBOY: The US. That might have changed history a bit.

ARAFAT: Yes. I was accepted into the University of Texas—I think it was the University of Texas. Anyway, I didn't go.

PLAYBOY: If you had, you might have become an American citizen.

ARAFAT: [*Smiling*] Yes. Because many of my fellow students, friends of mine, went to Texas. The majority of them now have American citizenship.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you go?

ARAFAT: I don't know why. Maybe because when I received the acceptance from the university, it was just too late. I was already at Cairo University. I also found myself to be involved completely against the British troops occupying Egypt.

ABU SHARIF: The resistance.

ARAFAT: Yes, the resistance. Before the Nasser revolution.

PLAYBOY: You've been a revolutionary for a long time.

ARAFAT: Yes, yes. Before the Nasser revolution, there was an active Egyptian resistance against the British occupation of the Suez Canal. I was one of the leaders of this movement. These activities pushed me back from despair.

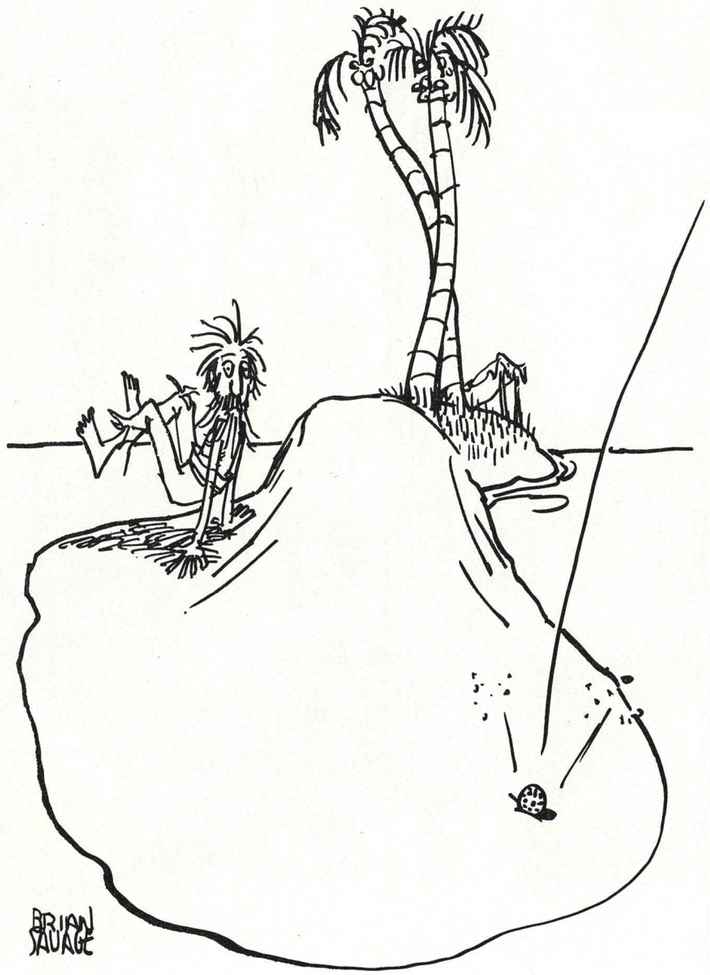
PLAYBOY: There's some ambiguity. You don't know what compelled you to engage in revolutionary activity, yet you never missed an opportunity.

ARAFAT: Yes, I was always involved. But during that period, there were a lot of uprisings in the Arab lands. There were various groups—Nasserites, Communists, the Moslem Brotherhood. All of them were trying to recover Arab lands, and the first target, of course, was Palestine. When Nasser succeeded in his revolution, I was already close to him. I had the opportunity to meet the first group of Palestinian students who began the Palestinian Union for Liberation.

PLAYBOY: And you joined them?

ARAFAT: Yes. They elected me chairman.

PLAYBOY: A title you've held for some time. Why did they elect you chairman?



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ARAFAT: They found someone who was willing to work 24 hours a day. [*Laughs*] Because of my personal contacts with the Egyptians, we were given approval to form the unit. We called it the Union For Liberation, because it was for Palestinians all over, not just in Egypt. For the refugees everywhere. I was involved with that group for five years.

PLAYBOY: But then you left for Kuwait.

ARAFAT: Yes, after two years of working in Egypt, I went to Kuwait. I was still in despair that our cause would succeed. So I went to Kuwait.

PLAYBOY: But you returned in your Volkswagen. What compelled you?

ARAFAT: It was not easy. I liked my work, I liked engineering. To speak frankly, when I decided to leave my work, my successful work, my successful companies, I hesitated for some months. Then I made the decision and left. I was still discouraged, but something was still, I felt always that something was drawing me back.

PLAYBOY: It's been 40 years, and you still haven't figured out your motivation?

ARAFAT: [*Laughs*] No!

PLAYBOY: Automobiles aside, you presumably gave up a lot of your life to this cause.

ARAFAT: Yes, since my youth. From when I was 17 years old, when I joined the resistance. But I am a strong believer, and I believe this is my destiny.

PLAYBOY: Your destiny—what *is* it?

ARAFAT: To continue my life for the sake of my people.

PLAYBOY: It is a life without much normalcy, isn't it? No family, constantly on the alert against assassination, constantly moving.

ARAFAT: Yes, and for this reason, no girl wanted to marry me. [*Laughs*] I work sometimes 24 hours a day. During the battles, I never slept. I usually work 18 hours a day. During the early days, I only slept an hour or two, sometimes a half hour a day. But I cannot be comfortable, cannot live in a comfortable house. You saw my house in Tunis and here in Baghdad; I can't live in a comfortable house while I have this job to do for my people.

But I have my family. The Palestinian children are my children. I have a very good relationship with all the small kids. After the liberation, I will have a family.

PLAYBOY: Did you think when you began that the struggle might take this long?

ARAFAT: Yes, we had a slogan from the beginning: "It is not a picnic. It is a long, hard struggle." The Vietnamese took 35 years of continuous war. The Algerians, 150; the Rhodesians, about 100; the Saudis, 500. But from the beginning, we believed that sooner or later, we would achieve our goals, because we are *with* the tide of history, while Israel is *against* it.

PLAYBOY: When did you form Al Fatah, which eventually became the largest group the PLO comprised?

ARAFAT: In 1956, we established Al Fatah. I was one of the founders. In 1969, I became chairman of the PLO. There was no PLO in that early period. I moved between Syria, Lebanon, Jordan and Egypt.

PLAYBOY: But when you began, no one paid much attention to your organisation.

ARAFAT: Nobody took it seriously. But we expected this.

PLAYBOY: The movement was simply ignored?

ARAFAT: In the beginning, yes. But not now.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps because it became known in the West as a terrorist movement.

ARAFAT: Terrorist! You see, that is the big lie, the big lie from this Israeli military junta. Now everyone can see who the terrorists are—them! George Washington was called a terrorist by the British. De Gaulle was called a terrorist by the Nazis. The Algerians were terrorists to the French occupiers. The Viet Cong were terrorists to the Americans. Robert Mugabe was called a terrorist by the Rhodesians. Now he is not only president of Zimbabwe, but the chairman of the Non-Aligned Countries movement.

PLAYBOY: There is, of course, a change in the perception of a group or an individual after they're successful.

ARAFAT: I am a freedom fighter. And you see, it is not I who is calling me the freedom fighter. Ninety-five percent of the United Nations say so. A majority of the people—including a big part of the Israelis and the American people—are saying that Arafat is a freedom fighter.

PLAYBOY: How do you conclude that?

ARAFAT: One hundred forty-eight member states of the UN have concluded that.

ABU SHARIF: The highest number of votes in the life of the United Nations.

ARAFAT: Yes, the highest. It has never happened in the history of the United Nations. There was a vote on a resolution to consider the PLO as freedom fighters. [*A UN spokesman says 145 nations voted against a US Congressional proposal to close the PLO mission under a new US anti-terrorist statute. The vote was not a record — Ed.*]

PLAYBOY: Then, after all these years of being labelled a terrorist, how does it make you feel to be called a freedom fighter—by nations other than the US?

ARAFAT: Maybe you don't know that in some circles, I am considered *more* than a freedom fighter. By some, I am considered a symbol of resistance. It was only in some circles that I was called a terrorist. My enemies who were repeating the big lie. For your information, I am the permanent deputy of the Organisation of the Islamic Conference chairmanship. The co-chairman changes every three years—but I am the permanent chairman. And I am the permanent vice-president of the Non-Aligned Countries movement. Just for your information.

PLAYBOY: Let's take this moment to look back at the conflict through your eyes. It's a difficult history for Westerners to follow. What do you make of the argument that, when all is said and done, you are demanding the return of something that never was—a Palestinian homeland? For instance, don't some people say that the Palestinians were not driven from their land in 1948 but left voluntarily?

ARAFAT: Voluntary what?

PLAYBOY: Left the land, left Palestine to escape the conflict between the Jews and the Arabs in the 1948 war.

ARAFAT: All right. You have to remember what was being done, exactly, in those days by these Zionist groups. They were fanatic groups—the Stern gang and the Irgun, terrorist groups whose members still rule. [*The Irgun Tsvai Leumi army was commanded by former prime minister Menachem Begin. The Stern, or LEHI group, was commanded by present prime minister Yitzhak Shamir. Both groups carried out extensive terrorist activities against both the British military and the Arab population —Ed.*] They were responsible for many massacres, not only against us, the Palestinians, but against the British, like the famous explosion in the King David Hotel in Jerusalem in 1946. They killed many British soldiers. They captured and hanged some. And many Palestinians were killed through savage massacres.

PLAYBOY: What specific terrorist activities do you say the Israelis conducted against the Palestinians at that time?

ARAFAT: In Haifa. And in 1948, they completely demolished a village, Deir Yassin, and they killed *everyone.* [*Two hundred inhabitants of the village were killed in the attack by the Irgun and LEHI. The operation by the irregular forces was condemned by the Haganah, the regular army of Israel —Ed.*]

PLAYBOY: But isn't it true that, at that time, the Arab armies were attempting to wipe out the Israelis, rather than join them to throw off the British?

ARAFAT: The British were supporting the Israelis. Their Balfour Declaration gave the country to the Israelis. [*On November 2, 1917, the British government said it supported the establishment of a "national home for the Jewish people," but only as long as nothing prejudiced the "civil or religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine"—Ed.*] They did this even though the Jews were only five to seven percent of the population in 1917. Nevertheless, the Balfour Declaration gave all the country to the Jews. Not only that but a Jewish regiment in the British army was released with all their weapons after World War Two. It was strong, well-equipped, had up-to-date weapons.

PLAYBOY: And you say the British deliberately allowed the Jewish troops to return and take over Palestine?

ARAFAT: Yes. They had fought in Italy with the British. Then they went to Egypt, then from Egypt to Palestine.

PLAYBOY: Then you think that the Israelis forcibly removed the population?

ARAFAT: Yes, it was not only the massacres but the kicking out by force. And even after the establishment of the state, they continued kicking out the Palestinians by force. It is a permanent policy. They continued doing the same thing after the 1967 war. They kicked out more than 250,000 Palestinians from Gaza and the West Bank to Jordan. And now [*Industry and Trade Minister and former General Ariel*] Sharon is repeating the same threats to get rid of this uprising.

PLAYBOY: Then you believe that the Israelis have been opposed to any notion of a Palestinian state from the start?

ARAFAT: Yes, because they *don't want it.* Look at the slogans they use: that the land of Israel is from the Euphrates to the Nile. This was written for many years over the entrance to the Knesset, the parliament. It shows their national ambition—they want to advance to the Jordan River. One Israel for them, what's left for us....

Do you know what the meaning of the Israeli flag is?

PLAYBOY: No.

ARAFAT: It is white with two blue lines. The two lines represent two rivers, and in between is Israel. The rivers are the Nile and the Euphrates.

PLAYBOY: Your point is that that takes in quite a bit of territory?

ARAFAT: Israel is the only state in the United Nations that hasn't an official map for their border.

PLAYBOY: And you think Israel wanted all this land from its earliest days?

ARAFAT: Not just Israel. From the beginning, Israel had the unlimited support of the Europeans and the Americans. We are not fighting Israel. It was always a very important strategic theory that there had to be a spearhead in the Middle East. You see, before *this* dirty conspiracy, there was a conspiracy begun by the British occupation, after World War One. From that period on, we were facing not only the Jews but the big powers. If we had been facing just Israelis, it would have been different.

PLAYBOY: What are you saying? That you and the Israelis might have settled your differences on your own—either by negotiation or by force?

ARAFAT: Yes. For instance, in 1968, during the beginning of our march, we had an important victory in Karamah, a village in the Jordan Valley. It was the first victory over the Israelis since their defeat of the Arab armies in 1967. It was the first direct Palestinian-Israeli confrontation.

PLAYBOY: You mean a face-to-face battle?

ARAFAT: Face to face, alone. And *we* won the battle. And it was the turning point. But that was not the only victory. In the south of Lebanon, we won a major battle against them in 1969. And there are many, many landmarks. We are the only forces to defeat the Israelis. *The only forces not defeated by them!*

PLAYBOY: You and your men were expelled from Beirut following the Israeli invasion in 1982, were you not?

ARAFAT: No, they failed to defeat us; that is why we had an agreement through which we left Beirut. The Israelis failed to conquer Beirut while we were there! For 88 days, they could not, so we handed the city over to the international forces—the US, the French, the Italian—and left. And these forces then betrayed as and allowed the Israelis permission to enter and invade Beirut. That is when the Israelis committed the dirty crime of the massacres in the refugee camps of Sabra and Shatila. Thousands of innocent women and children massacred! [*In 1982, Israeli troops under General Ariel Sharon allowed Lebanese Christian militiamen to enter the surrounded camps, where the militiamen committed the massacre —Ed.*]

PLAYBOY: But, overall, Beirut was a major defeat for the Palestinians, was it not?

ARAFAT: The invasion of 1982 was a field experiment for new weapons that the Americans had given to the Israelis. The victims of that experiment were Palestinian men, women and children.

PLAYBOY: A field experiment—do you really believe that?

ARAFAT: Yes! Yes, they tried out the more sophisticated weapons on us. If you recall, peace had been declared during this period, but Israel invaded anyway. And after, Mr [*Caspar*] Weinberger offered an official thanks to the Israeli government, because they had been given a chance to see how well the new weapons worked.

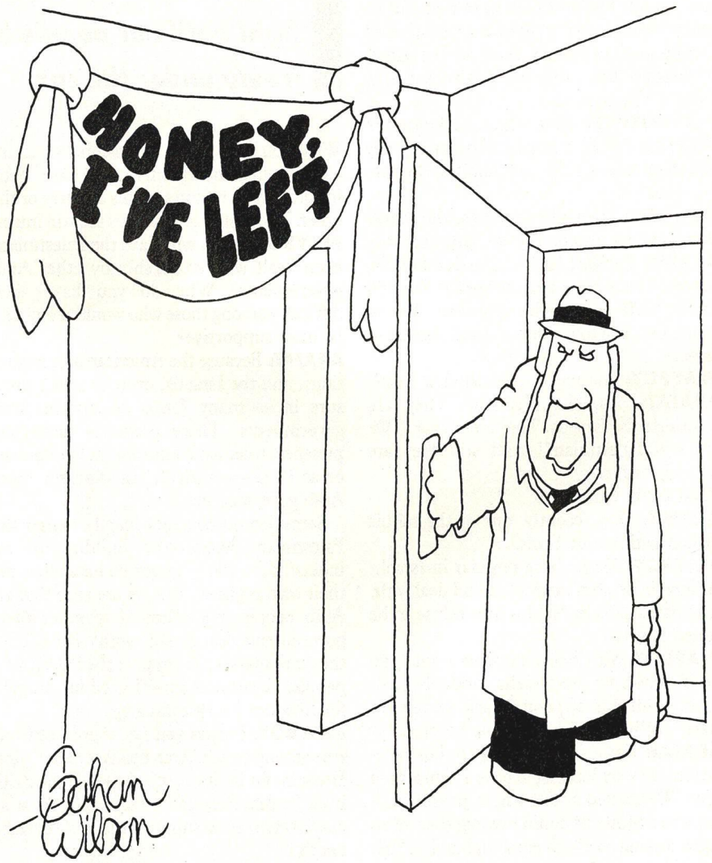
PLAYBOY: What sort of weapons?

ARAFAT: The concussion bomb. The phosphorus bomb. The gas bomb.

PLAYBOY: You're claiming that the Israelis used gas weapons on the Palestinians?

ARAFAT: Yes, gas bombs. The fuel bomb. The cluster bomb. The cluster bomb, on our

The Israelis failed to conquer Beirut while we were there! For 88 days they could not, so we handed over to the international forces.



"Honey, I'm home!"

people! Unbelievable! And many other bombs.

PLAYBOY: And you're saying that this gas is made in the United States?

ARAFAT: Yes. In this present uprising, the Israelis are using gas from the United States. Made in the USA, 1988.

Why? We have the right to ask! Why does the US support Israel in this way, turning our people into an experiment for new weapons? We did not harm anybody. [*A UN official's charge that Israeli tear gas was responsible for Palestinian miscarriages and deaths has been denied by Israel. The US manufacturer has stopped shipments —Ed.*]

PLAYBOY: Before, you were saying there were moments when your people and the Israelis might have resolved this conflict without interference by the big powers.

ARAFAT: Yes. Historically, before this, there was no trouble between us and the Jews. Judaism is a part of our heritage and tradition. It is not our nation that harmed the Jews—not the Palestinians. We were living together once. Both peoples were persecuted in Spain, during the Spanish Inquisition. Both peoples were driven from that region. Both. The Jews participated in our civilisation, in our life, and they were a part of us and we were a part of them as a nation. And throughout our history, there are the names of famous Jews—they are Arabs, actually, from the same stock!

PLAYBOY: The same ethnic background?

ARAFAT: Yes. In Europe and America, they call them Semites. We are Semites; they are our cousins.

PLAYBOY: Then when you hear the charge that you are essentially an anti-Semite—

ARAFAT: [*Laughs*] Me? An anti-Semite? No, no, no. I cannot be against *myself*! But you know, there are people, Jews, who live in Israel and even today refuse to call *themselves* Israelis.

PLAYBOY: You mean the orthodox Jews?

ARAFAT: Yes, the Hasidim. They are refusing to be Israelis. They are saying, "We are still Palestinian." And still they are dealing with me.

PLAYBOY: How?

ARAFAT: Very recently, one of the rabbis visited with me in Tunis.

PLAYBOY: He can't be popular in Israel.

ARAFAT: Yes, but many of them I deal with. The Samarians in Nablus also refuse to be called Israelis.

PLAYBOY: Mr Chairman, what would you do if tomorrow the Israelis suddenly said, "Let's call this off; come back, have your state"? What would your state be like?

ARAFAT: From the beginning of our revolution, we were looking to have a democratic state. We wanted a state where Jews, Christians and Moslems could live together on an equal footing and with equal rights. In 1969, we said this in the international parliamentary conference in Cairo. We made seven points to this effect, which would provide rights for all.

PLAYBOY: And if such a state were ever realised, would you expect to be its leader?

ARAFAT: In a matter of time, we will have a state. If I were to head it, that would mean I would impose upon my people what I was thinking; that would mean it would not be a democracy. Maybe they would not elect me, as the British did not with Churchill after World War Two.

PLAYBOY: You say you believe in a democratic state. But one thing that is noticeable is how split the Palestinian movement seems to be, with all the radical groups at cross-purposes—some have called it anarchy. It doesn't suggest a very stable leadership on the part of the PLO.

ARAFAT: We are proud of our democracy in the PLO, because it is a *real* democracy. We have implemented democracy in the jungle of guns. The PLO has a strong democracy on all levels. The PLO is, in essence, a fusion of all the political currents of the Palestinian people. Our National Congress, our parliament, is where all these currents are represented. After democratic discussions of any resolution brought before the congress, we all abide by the decision of the majority.

It is our destiny to live free or die as slaves. We will fight until our people have a place to live freely under the sun.

What you call splits, or divisions, are actually minute movements that have been influenced by regimes in this country or the other. The vast majority of us are still intact.

PLAYBOY: Then why have the Palestinians been dealt with so harshly by other Arab governments? Why do you have such difficulty among those who would seemingly be most supportive?

ARAFAT: Because the American administrations, and the Israelis, exert so much pressure in so many forms on certain Arab governments. These pressures make our presence in certain countries—as Palestinians or as PLO—a difficult situation for these Arab governments.

Some regimes conclude that the aims of the Palestinian people—the building of an independent state—might be hazardous for their own regimes. But we are sure that all Arab people, regardless of whether their governments deal harshly with us or not, all the Arab masses, *do* support the Palestinian people, *do* support the PLO in its struggle for freedom for Palestinians.

PLAYBOY: But, as you say, that is far from true among certain Arab heads of state. King Hussein, for instance, who expelled the PLO from Jordan; President Assad, of Syria, who once attempted to suppress the PLO permanently.

ARAFAT: We have had difficulties several times with certain heads of state. But it has always been difficulties *in the family* which could be solved. These difficulties should not for a single moment blur the image of the real contradiction, the dilemma we share. That is, with the Israeli occupation. The enemy of the Palestinian people and the peace-loving peoples of the world are the Zionists. It is they who insist on keeping their occupation and using terrorist campaigns against unarmed citizens in the West Bank and Gaza.

PLAYBOY: As America prepares for a new election, we wonder if Chairman Arafat has an endorsement to make among the presidential candidates—Bush, Jackson, Dukakis?

ARAFAT: [*Smiling*] The American people will make the choice. We do not interfere in the internal affairs of the American people or the United States. But we really hope that the American people will elect a president who will serve genuinely and truthfully the concerns of the American people, following the historical principles of the American Revolution, which called for the support of justice, human rights and freedom to people all over the world.

PLAYBOY: If you won't say what future president you favour, what about past ones? Which American administration do you think was the most effective in dealing with the issues from your point of view?

ARAFAT: The American public will see that we suffer from the policies of *consecutive* American administrations. Every American administration so far has taken an antagonistic attitude toward our people.

PLAYBOY: Without exception? Surely, some were less antagonistic than others.

ARAFAT: It is ironic that certain of your presidents dare to express their views that give a certain justice to our cause only after they are out of office. When they have left the White House, and not before.

PLAYBOY: We can think of only Carter.

ARAFAT: Yes, he was one.

PLAYBOY: Then you expect this predisposition by US presidents to continue indefinitely?

ARAFAT: We hope that the next administration will realise that peace can come to the Middle East *only* through justice for the Palestinians. And that there has to be some relief given to the five million Palestinians!

PLAYBOY: And you remain convinced in your life and in the lives of those you affect that this struggle for a state, the agony of the Palestinians, is worth the price?

ARAFAT: It is our destiny to live free or to die as slaves. The Americans fought for many years against British occupation. The Indians in Mexico fought bravely for many centuries against Spanish occupation. We will fight until our people have a place to live freely and peacefully under the sun.

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE

What's happening where and who's making it happen.

Compiled by Peter Olszewski

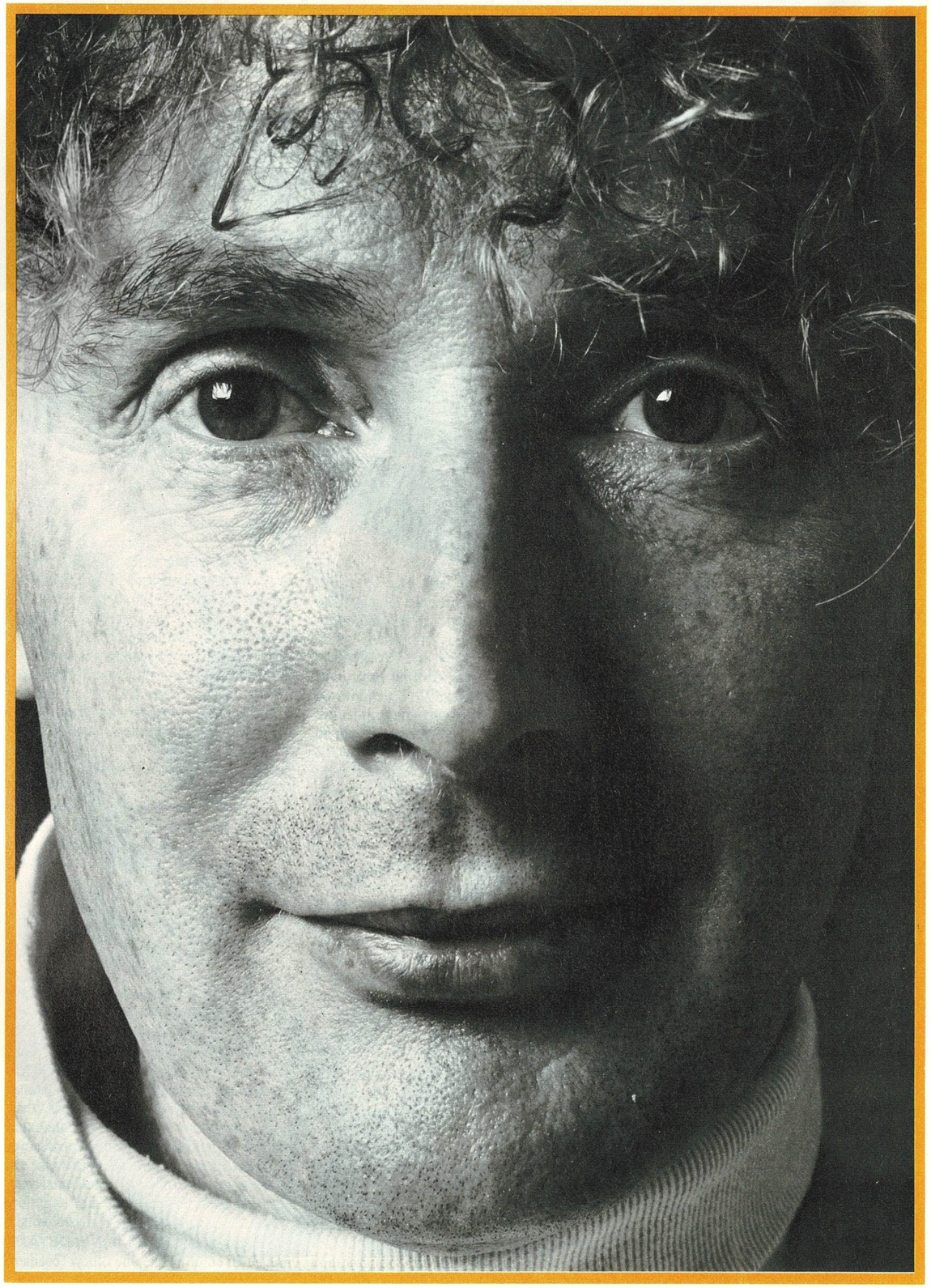
NO PORN-AGAIN MOVIE STAR

READERS WITH LONG memories will remember Tracey Lords, the former US porn star. She started her porno career when still under age, which resulted in a spectacular lawsuit. Having survived this, she went on to make 30 features, including such "classics" as *New Wave Hooker, Sex Waves, Love Rage* and *Tracey, I Love You*, in which she co-starred with French skin-flick artiste Marilyn Jess.

But what do porno stars do when their porno careers are over? Go legit, of course! Or attempt to. So it comes as no great shock that Tracey has announced she will no longer disrobe for the camera, and that Roger Corman has signed her for her first dressed-up feature film, *Not Of This Earth*. Tracey will play the part of a space vampire. And apparently she's very funny.

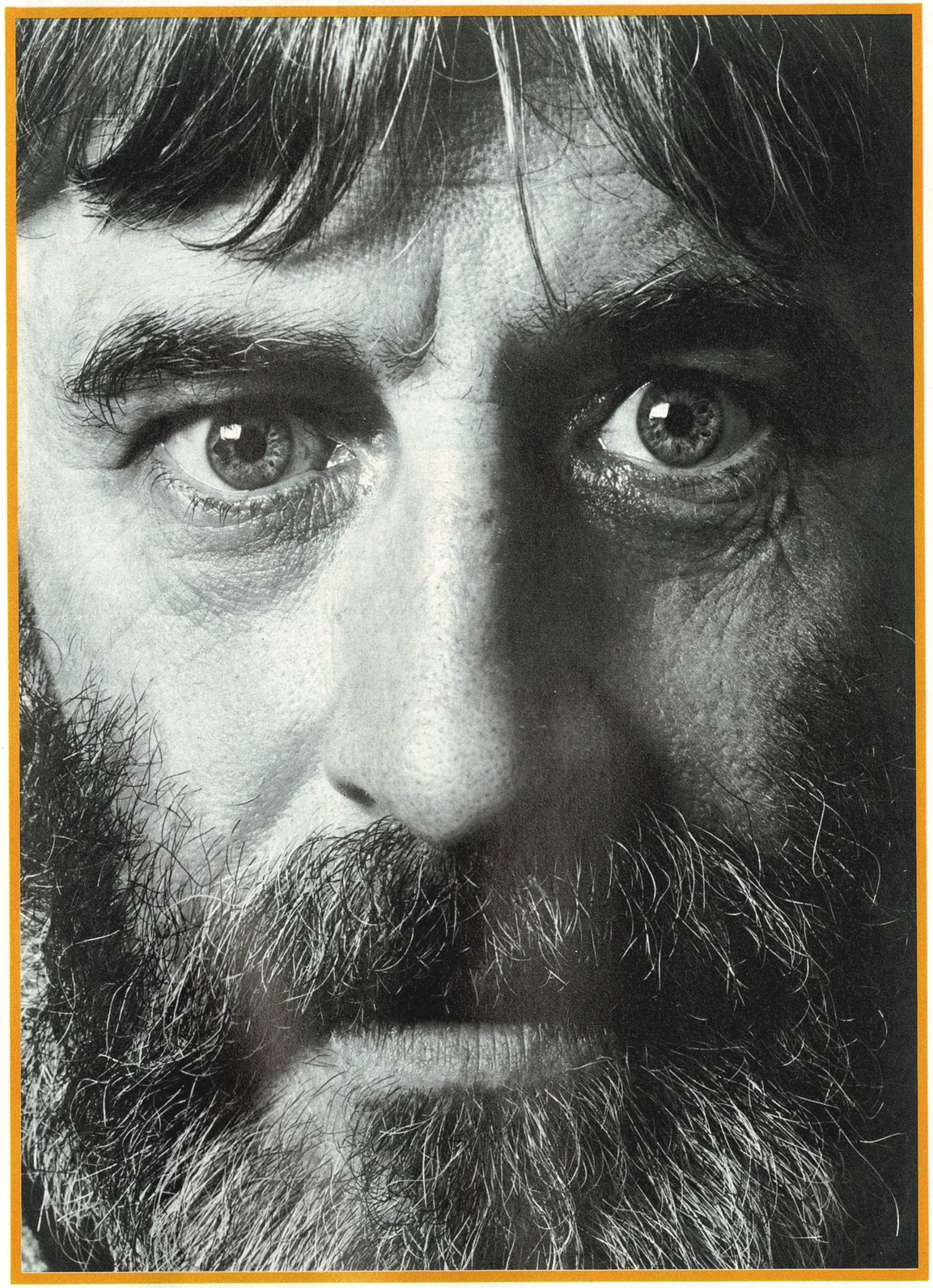
Now that she's hopefully about to become famous as a fully clothed actress, Tracey reverted to role for her PR shots and took most of her gear off. But she says this is definitely a last.

Who are these men... and why



are you looking at them?

Turn the page for the answers.



A serious photo of Jon Lewis and shirt, by Michael Fainsilber.

The Naked Eye

The men depicted on the preceding pages are English pop promoter *Malcolm McLaren* (left) and Sydney artist *Martin Sharp*. The reason you looked at their photographs is because thousands of Australians have been looking at them. And the reason everyone's been looking at them is that they're all part of a new exhibition by Sydney lensman *Jon Lewis*.

Lewis is basically a product of the counter-culture, but he's matured into an innovative and sometimes quirky photographer. He dropped out in the '60s, became involved in the surfing scene, began taking surfing snaps and flogging them to magazines such as Tracks. Then he became "real weird," moved to Kings Cross and got involved with the notorious group of young artists known collectively as the Yellow House Group. Lewis rubbed shoulders with such workmates as *Martin Sharp*, *Brett Whiteley*, and film maker *George Gittoes*.

Lewis is now regarded as a serious contender in the art photography stakes and his work is housed in several major Australian collections, as well as the Polaroid Collection in the US.

His latest batch of work features close-ups of 200 Australians, some famous, some not. Lewis has tried to capture his subjects in an almost naked sense; tried to evoke an almost pure image of each person, not a look, but a presence.

Lewis said he got the idea for his collection almost by accident: "When scanning a proof sheet of some shots I had taken of a young woman, one frame in particular jumped out at me. It was a face that was devoid of any tangible expression but strangely, it seemed to reveal more than when she was actually expressing emotion."

GETTING LIST

TEN UNUSUAL SEXUAL DEVIANTS

1. Algolagnist: One whose biggest sexual thrill is pain, either his or hers or that bestowed on someone else. Either a masochist or a sadist, or maybe both.

2. Cisvestite: Wears same-sex clothing, but the clothing is inappropriate or even weird eg the blue-haired matron in a pinafore.

3. Exosculator: A big, sloppy, hearty, fond kisser.

4. Gynotikolobomassophile: A nuzzler and nibbler of women's earlobes.

5. Melcryptovestimentaphile: A male who is attracted to women's black underwear.

6. Renifleur: A sly or sleazy sniffer, sexually aroused by people's body odours or even the aroma of urine.

7. Retifist: The shoe fetishist, aroused by admiring, touching, sniffing, or somehow having foreplay or sex with an irresistible piece of footwear.

8. Tribade: A lesbian. In the original Greek it means "she who rubs" (against another she).

9. Troilist: A person who prefers two sex partners at the same time. In other words a troilist is one third of a ménage à trois.

10. Virvestite: A female who prefers male clothing.

Adapted from the strangely named book *Dimboxes, Epopts, And Other Quidams: Words To Describe Life's Indescribable People.* Written by David Grambs and published by Corgi & Bantam $9.95.

Next Month

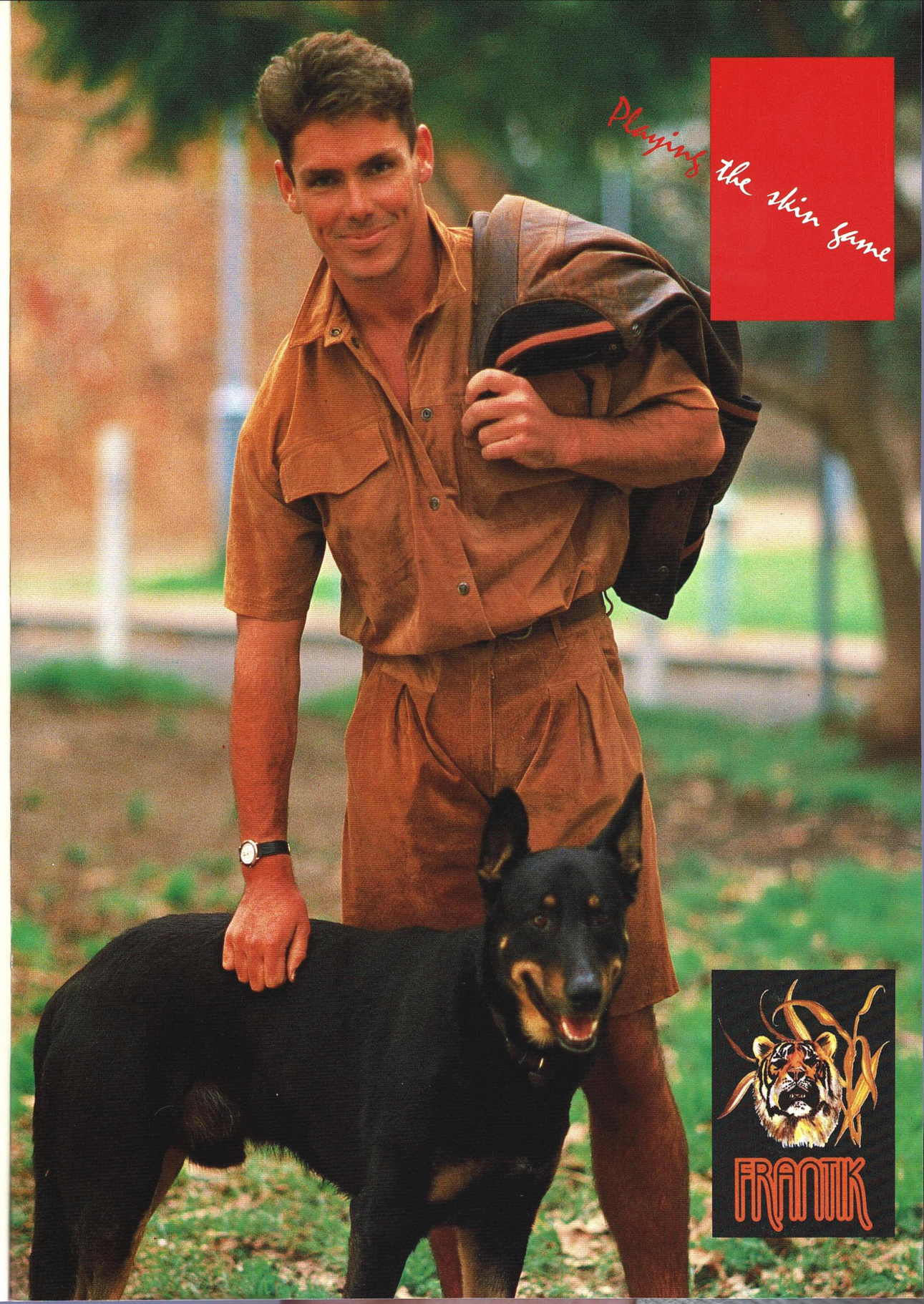
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: **PETER FOSTER,** SAMANTHA FOX'S EX-LOVER, TALKS ABOUT HIS CONTROVERSIAL LIFE AND ALLEGED BUSINESS CONS.

GRAND PRIX SPECIAL: ARE FORMULA ONE DRIVERS WIMPS? NO WAY, SAYS FORMER MOTORING ACE **NIKI LAUDA.**

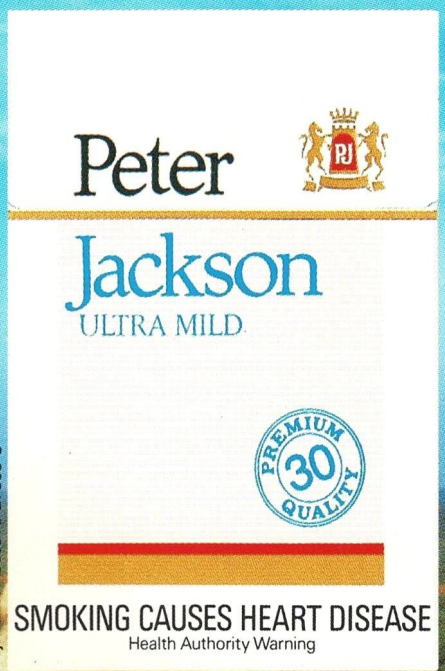
Raelene Masters

TEACHER'S PET: IF ONLY SCHOOL WAS LIKE THIS! AUSSIE MODEL **RAELENE MASTERS** PUTS THE RAUNCH BACK INTO ARITHMETIC.

ANGUS YOUNG, THE "WEE ONE" FROM AC/DC, TELLS THE STORY BEHIND BON SCOTT'S DEATH AND THE HIGHWAY TO HELL.



New Peter Jackson Ultra Mild 30's.



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